

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

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## SHELLEY'S CENTENARY.

(AUGUST 4th, 1892.)

WITHIN a narrow span of time,  
Three princes of the realm of rhyme,  
At height of youth or manhood's prime,  
From earth took wing,  
To join the fellowship sublime  
Who, dead, yet sing.

He, first, his earliest wreath who wove  
Of laurel grown in Latmian grove,  
Conquered by pain and hapless love  
Found calmer home,  
Roofed by the heaven that glows above  
Eternal Rome.

A fierier soul, its own fierce prey,  
And cumbered with more mortal clay,  
At Missolonghi flamed away,  
And left the air  
Reverberating to this day  
Its loud despair.

Alike remote from Byron's scorn,  
And Keats's magic as of morn  
Bursting forever newly born  
On forests old,  
Waking a hoary world forlorn  
With touch of gold,

Shelley, the cloud-begot, who grew  
Nourished on air and sun and dew,  
Into that Essence whence he drew  
His life and lyre  
Was fittingly resolved anew  
Through wave and fire.

'Twas like his rapid soul! 'Twas meet  
That he, who brooked not Time's slow feet,  
With passage thus abrupt and fleet  
Should hurry hence,  
Eager the Great Perhaps to greet  
With Why? and Whence?

Impatient of the world's fixed way,  
He ne'er could suffer God's delay,  
But all the future in a day  
Would build divine,  
And the whole past in ruins lay,  
An emptied shrine.

Vain vision! but the glow, the fire,  
The passion of benign desire,  
The glorious yearning, lift him higher  
Than many a soul  
That mounts a million paces nigher  
Its meaner goal.

And power is his, if naught besides,  
In that thin ether where he rides,  
Above the roar of human tides  
To ascend afar,  
Lost in a storm of light that hides  
His dizzy car.

Below, the unhasting world toils on,  
And here and there are victories won,  
Some dragon slain, some justice done,  
While, through the skies,  
A meteor rushing on the sun,  
He flares and dies.

But, as he cleaves yon ether clear,  
Notes from the unattempted Sphere  
He scatters to the enchanted ear  
Of earth's dim throng,  
Whose dissonance doth more endear  
The showering song.

In other shapes than he forecast  
The world is moulded: his fierce blast, —  
His wild assault upon the Past, —  
These things are vain;  
Revolt is transient: what *must* last  
Is that pure strain,

Which seems the wandering voices blent  
Of every virgin element, —  
A sound from ocean caverns sent, —  
An airy call  
From the pavilioned firmament  
O'erdoming all.

And in this world of worldlings, where  
Souls rust in apathy, and ne'er  
A great emotion shakes the air,  
And life flags tame,  
And rare is noble impulse, rare  
The impassioned aim,

'Tis no mean fortune to have heard  
A singer who, if errors blurred  
His sight, had yet a spirit stirred  
By vast desire,  
And ardor fledging the swift word  
With plumes of fire.

A creature of impetuous breath,  
Our torpor deadlier than death  
He knew not; whatsoe'er he saith  
Flashes with life:  
He spurareth men, he quickeneth  
To splendid strife.

And in his gusts of song he brings  
Wild odors shaken from strange wings,  
And unfamiliar whisperings  
From far lips blown,  
While all the rapturous heart of things  
Throbs through his own, —

His own that from the burning pyre  
One who had loved his wind-swept lyre  
Out of the sharp teeth of the fire  
Unmolten drew,  
Beside the sea that in her ire  
Smote him and slew.

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
THE CHATEAUX OF THE LOIRE.\*

THE famous town of Tours, on the banks of the rapid and sandy stream of the Loire, lies a hundred and forty-five miles south-west of Paris. The charms of its situation have been much over-rated, but it is a place with a great history. Under the proud name of Cæsarodunum it is mentioned in the itinerary of Antonine, and in the third century holds rank as a free State. After three hundred years of ease and prosperity under its Roman masters, days of fighting began, when new walls had to be built round Tours, and the citizens, who had grown accustomed to peace, were compelled to buckle on their armor and defend their good town against its foes. All the tides of life in those early ages flowed by Tours. It was the centre of the great network of Roman roads which bound together Poitiers, Chartres, Bruges, Orleans, Le Mans and Angers. From this town Christianity spread throughout Gaul. Its first bishop, St. Gatien, was one of a party of missionaries sent from Rome to evangelize the Gallic provinces; St. Lidorius, the second bishop, began the cathedral — the oldest in Touraine — in memory of his predecessor. Before the end of the fourth century St. Martin was installed as metropolitan. He had served in the army under Constantine, had been imprisoned and flogged at Milan for denouncing Arianism, and had founded the convent of Ligugé in the wilds of Poitiers, probably the oldest monastic establishment in France. When Lidorius died, in 370, the clergy insisted on having him as their head. Their choice was justified by the rapid spread of Christianity. On every side the heathen of Gaul hasten to join the Church. At last St. Martin, worn down by toil, retreated for rest to St. Symphorien, on the opposite bank of the Loire, "backed by

the limestone rock and peering down across the greensward to the river, where later on was to rise the noble Abbey of Marmontier, whose greatest abbot was the famous Alcuin of York." Our Martinmas still keeps alive the memory of the great prelate's festival on the 11th of November. His tomb, says Mr. Cook, "was the ancient sanctuary, the Delphic oracle of France, the centre of the Merovingian world, where its kings came to question destiny at the shrine round which the counts of Blois and of Anjou broke so many lances. Mans, Angers, and all Brittany were dependent on the See of Tours, whose canons were the Capels and Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany, the Count of Flanders and the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the Archbishops of Mayence, of Cologne, and Compostello." Tours prospered through the concourse of pilgrims to its shrine. Its population multiplied tenfold; its mint became as famous as that of Paris; its silks were finer than any other part of France could produce, until Nantes and Lyons began to vie with its artificers. Charlemagne, eager to secure a worthy man for the See, summoned Alcuin, who had been trained under our own Bede, from Rome, and made him bishop. The emperor's three sons were taught in his famous school. He begged Charlemagne's permission to send to England for some books, the "flowers of British learning; so that they may be found not only in the garden close of York, but that Touraine also may have its share in the fruits of Paradise."

Dark days came when the Northmen rowed up the Loire and burned St. Martin's Abbey, but the Counts of Anjou restored the place and granted many privileges to the brave citizens. Fulk the Good might now be seen sitting beside the dean in the abbey. He waged no wars and cared little for politics. Legend has gathered round his memory. Once, it is said, after all had refused the man's appeal, he bore a loathsome leper on his shoulders to the shrine of St. Martin, to find whilst sitting in the choir if the leper was Christ himself. But it is another count — Fulk Nerra, the Black Falcon — who has left his stamp most deeply

\* 1. *Old Touraine: the Life and History of the Famous Châteaux of France.* By Theodore Andrea Cook, B.A., sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford. Two volumes. London: Percival & Co. 1892.

2. *The Renaissance of Art in France.* By Mrs. Mark Pattison. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1879.

3. *A Handbook for Travellers in France.* Part I. London: John Murray. 1892.

on Touraine. Every town in the region has its legend of this dashing soldier. He was a born fighter, who led his cavalry again and again on the foe at Conquereux, "as the storm wind sweeps down upon the thick cornrigs." That victory made him master of the lower reaches of the Loire. He already held Amboise through his mother's right; Loches had come to him through his wife. Both these fortresses became centres from which he kept up his fierce struggle with Odo, Count of Blois. He now built a long crescent of forts from Angers, on the west of Tours, to Amboise on the east, with a view to cut out Touraine from the domains of Odo. An occasional visit to the Holy Land, and the erection of an abbey at Beaulieu, beneath his high tower at Loches, were meant as atonement for many a deed of blood. Mad bursts of passion, which would have wrecked most men's lives, "seem scarcely to have made a break in his cool, calculating, far-seeing policy; a rapid and unerring perception of his own ends, a relentless obstinacy in pursuing them." Fulk had turned northwards to Maine — thus giving the first sign of the advancing wave of Norman conquest — when he was called home to repel a sharp invasion from Blois. The Black Falcon retook two of his captured fortresses and seized Chinon. All Touraine, except its capital, now belonged to the Counts of Anjou. The conqueror paid a pilgrimage to Palestine, and died near Metz on his way homeward. It was left for his son, Geoffrey Martel, to stretch the boundary of his realm over Maine and capture Tours after an obstinate siege. More than seventy years later, in 1119, Matilda of Anjou married our Prince William, son of Henry Beauclerc. The future lord of England, Normandy, and Anjou was drowned next year in the White Ship, amid the lamentations of three kingdoms. Henry I. now married his daughter Matilda, widow of the Emperor Henry V., to Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of Fulk, Count of Anjou. A family gathering was held in the great Abbey of Fontevrault. Fulk had received the cross from Archbishop Hildebert in the Cathedral of Tours, and had come to the abbey to see

his widowed daughter, whom the loss of the White Ship had driven to the cloisters. Other members of the house gathered to bid farewell to the count. Geoffrey Plantagenet, who wore a spray of the golden broom which brightens the fields of his native province, was there, his "fair and ruddy countenance lit up by the lightning glance of a pair of brilliant eyes." His broad shoulders and active frame bore witness that he was no unworthy scion of his brave house. But Geoffrey was also a man of culture, whose intellectual gifts lifted him far above the ordinary fighting baron of those turbulent times. A few years after the scene at Fontevrault Matilda bore a son at Le Mans, who afterwards became King Henry II. of England. The old feud between Anjou and Blois broke out again when Stephen, third son of the Count of Blois, succeeded in grasping the English crown. It was not till 1154 that Henry Plantagenet was crowned at Westminster. He was the true descendant of the Black Falcon, and made his court "a very pandemonium of energy." His power steadily grew on both sides of the Channel. Thomas-à-Becket filled a large place in the history of those days. In 1163, as Archbishop of Canterbury, he attended a council held by the pope at Tours; in 1170 he met his royal master, to whom he had been reconciled the previous year, at Tours. Henry was on his way to Amboise, whence he wrote, in Becket's presence, a letter instructing his son to restore the archbishop's estates.

Tours is the best centre from which to visit "the myriad châteaux of the Loire," which still bear "witness to the skill and training of the architects and sculptors of Touraine." The slow trains to Chinon give the traveller ample opportunity to study the scenery. "The sands that line the river-beds are fringed with willows, bending down as if to sip its waters; poplars, aspens, and acacias shade the stream, where countless little islets break the silver current." It is strange to think that from the soft sunshine of this afternoon land of idleness and laughter sprang the martial Counts of Anjou, and our own fiery Plantagenets. Balzac speaks of "the sentiment of beauty which breathes



in the region of Tours," where in "spring love flies at large beneath the open sky, . . . in autumn the air is full of memories of those who are no more." When the train reached Chinon on the banks of the Vienne, the first step into the little square beyond the station gates showed that the visitors had chanced to come on the chief market day of the town at the end of September.

The roads were closed in with tall trees, whose sides were cut with somewhat frigid exactitude in lines parallel to the direction of the pavement; they were full of country girls, brown-cheeked, and black-eyed, arrayed in the picturesque lace caps of their province; booths of every kind were full of busy traffic; skeleton men and fat women in their fullest glory were disputing for attention with tiny travelling theatres and vendors of malodorous refreshment. No one seemed in any particular hurry to do anything; so imitating the frame of mind of the inhabitants, we aimlessly strolled up the long straight road towards the bridge that spans the reddish waters of the river. Here the press grew thicker, and round the statue of Rabelais was a gay crowd of buyers and sellers, of laughing girls and chattering children, carts and donkeys laden with country produce, geese and chickens dead and alive, the very scene of busy happiness and careless human nature that Rabelais himself enjoyed and described, too, when he tells how Couillatris goes to Chinon, "*ville noble ville antique voyre première du monde*," to buy oxen, cows and sheep, pigs, capon, geese, and a whole catalogue of sound comestibles.

The satirist was born at Chinon in 1490. His statue, which has caught the genius of the man far better than the simpering monument erected to him at Tours, looks out on a busy little square crowded with gaily decorated booths and thronged with traffickers. The hill above the town is crowded by the "long broken line of the three fortresses whose ruins combine to form the relic of feudal strength known as Chinon." Countless vines flourish peacefully within the old home of the Plantagenets. On the extreme right stood the castle and chapel of St. George, built by the Plantagenets to protect the one weak point—a tongue of land which unites the promontory on which the fortress rests with the hills beyond. These

buildings are now levelled to the ground, but the fine stone bridge which united them to the Château du Milieu is still standing. As travellers present themselves "the little guardian in petticoats" looks through a slit in the side of the room where soldiers once used to work the portcullis. A high wall with remnants of chimneys is the only relic of the apartment where Jeanne d'Arc first met the king of France. The visitor next enters the guard-room and armory of the royal apartments, with the kitchen and living-room whose windows are furnished with low stone seats from which the Vienne is seen curving round to join the Loire. A flight of stairs leads down to the moat, which is crossed by a stone bridge and defended by two towers erected in the thirteenth century. Within one of them the prisons lie vault below vault. The Fort du Coudray, the third castle, stands "at the extreme western edge of the cliff; its chief feature is the fine Tour du Moulin, where the mill of the fortress once stood, whose pointed leaden roof and wide-spread sails must have been a strange feature in the old castle. Along the wall, of which this tower forms the western corner, are the oldest relics of the twelfth-century buildings."

Chinon, more than any other of the châteaux of Touraine, bears the stamp of antiquity. The visitor feels that modern France has been left far behind. The place is a mass of ruins—"a very wilderness of towers and battlements." The dense woodland of larches, oaks, and firs, to the north-east, formed, Mr. Cook thinks, one of the chief attractions of the castle for the Black Falcon and our Henry II., whose favorite home in France was here. The French Windsor was the scene of some of his sharpest sorrows. His undutiful son Richard had seized his father's treasury at Chinon when news of the Saracen conquest of Jerusalem led him to take the cross from the Archbishop of Tours. Before he left France he joined the French king in an attack upon his father who was hotly besieged in his native town of Le Mans. Henry escaped from the flaming town towards the Norman frontier, then changing his route he dashed back to

Chinon at such a breathless pace that his knights fainted or died of fatigue and wounds on the way. Philip of France now took Tours, and Henry was compelled to sign a humiliating peace at Colombières.

On his return to Chinon after that bitter scene his chancellor read aloud to the king the list of rebels. "Sire," he said, "may Jesus Christ help me! The first name which is written here is the name of Count John, your son." The old king turned his face to the wall. He had received his death-blow. As he lay unconscious he was heard to murmur: "Shame, shame on a conquered king." When the end drew near, his servants bore him to the castle chapel that he might breathe out his soul before the altar. Thence the dead king, "robed as for coronation, with a crown of gold upon his head, a gold ring upon his finger, sandals upon his feet, and a sceptre in his gloved right hand," was borne to Fontevault, where Richard came to see his murdered father. The Archbishop of Tours buried him before the high altar in July, 1189.

Richard had soon to pay the penalty of his misconduct. In 1193 the attacks made on Touraine by his old ally, the French king, were so fierce and systematic that he left England for Tours where he drove out the canons for disloyalty. After his death in 1199 John was acknowledged king by the royal household at Chinon. Having scandalized the barons by putting away his first wife, he married Isabel of Angoulême, and spent the following summer at Chinon with her and Berengaria, the widow of Richard. The castle was taken by the French after a long and desperate siege on Midsummer eve, 1205. A century later Jacques Molay, grand master of the Knights Templars, was examined here by the cardinals before he was led to the stake in Paris. It was in Chinon that Joan of Arc had her first interview with Charles VII. The English seemed about to regain their old dominion in France. In 1423, when "wolves were fighting for the corpses of the dead in the churchyard of Paris," churches sacked, castles burnt down, and lands left untilled, the States-General met at Chinon to consult with the king about the defence of their country. Some years of loss and trouble followed. In 1428, Tours implored help against the English who were besieging Orleans. At last, on Sunday, March 6, 1429, the Maid of Orleans came to the rescue. The well where she lighted from her horse is still shown at Chinon. Only firm confidence in her patriotic mission

bore her up through the trials of her stay there amid the jeering courtiers. But at length Joan conquered the king's irresolution and rode out clad in complete armor to accomplish the promised deliverance.

A less pleasing picture of olden days at Chinon is the brilliant reception given there in 1498 to Cæsar Borgia, the infamous son of the infamous Pope Alexander VI. Such a procession as his had probably never streamed into the castle before. "First came eighty mules in gorgeous harness, blazoned with Cæsar Borgia's crest and arms, followed by the finest horses of the prince's stables; then eighteen pages riding," clad in velvet, two of them resplendent in cloth of gold; then came more mules, and, after a flourish of drums and trumpets, Borgia and his suite rode into Chinon. The duke wore a dress of red satin and cloth of gold, beset with jewels. His cap was adorned with great rubies, his boots strewn with precious stones. Louis XII. wanted a divorce, Borgia wanted a dukedom, and both were gratified. Such are some of the scenes which crowd before the mind of a visitor to the greatest of all the châteaux of Touraine. For two centuries it has been slowly mouldering, but ages must pass before the old home of the Plantagenets has crumbled into dust.

The road to Fontevault for a little while after leaving Chinon lies straight to the south, then it turns sharply and winds through apple-orchards and walnut-trees till it reaches the river bank. At Candès, where St. Martin died, it was a great surprise to English visitors to catch a first glimpse of the sculptured saints and battle-mented roofs of the church through an opening of the twisting little village street. Begun in the year of Magna Charta, and finished towards the end of the century, the place is filled with quaint and grotesque carvings, many of which have entirely escaped the hand of the restorer. Fontevault itself had been turned into a vast prison, or reformatory, guarded by a regiment. Long files of silent prisoners in dull uniform and round caps, move about where nuns once walked to and fro; one of the chapels is a storehouse for the garrison beer, lines of casks fill the spaces between the pillars from the altar to the door. Amid such strange surroundings our great Plantagenets rest in a dark little chapel opening out of the right transept. The statue of Henry II. shows him dressed as he was borne out for burial from Chinon. His wife, Eleanor of Guienne, who died here in May, 1204,

holds a book in her hands. Richard I. rests by the side of his parents. The three statues are of colossal size, hewn out of tufa rock, and painted. A smaller statue, carved in wood, represents Isabel, the wife of John — the most beautiful and most wicked woman of the day. The abbey owed its foundation to Robert d'Arbrissel, a famous preacher of the end of the eleventh century. Pope Urban II. directed him to preach in favor of the Crusades, and crowds of people left all to follow the new apostle. He had started for Jerusalem with this strange retinue but was compelled to halt at Fontevrault, and found a community which, under the care of its first abbess, had four houses for learned ladies, penitent women, lepers, and monks. There were soon four thousand inmates. The place was always dear to the Plantagenets. The ladies of their house found shelter here when some dark disaster blotted the sun out of their firmament, and here the great soldiers of their race slept well after the roar of battle.

Twenty-five miles south of Tours lies the great garrison château of Loches. One of the chief features of the flat landscape by which you approach the place is the vast square mass of masonry, the keep of Montbazon, intended as a guard and sentinel for Loches. Every inch of land is cultivated by the industrious French peasants. Suddenly the hill fortress of Loches rises above the plain. "The houses, thrown together along steep and twisted streets, cluster beneath the walls that guard the castle, and the eye rises from the Toure de St. Antoine in the little 'place' beneath towards the donjon keep and the pinnacles of the Collegiate Church." A sharp ascent leads up to the first line of walls. The church is the chief architectural feature of the place. Viollet le Duc says: "In France, exactly on the border line which separates buildings with cupolas from those with none, there is a strange and unique monument in which the influences of Oriental art are blended with the methods of construction adopted in the north at the beginning of the twelfth century. This is the Collegiate Church of Loches; a monument unique in the world, perfect in its kind, and of a savage beauty." It was begun in 1180, and is all broken into points and angles. A fine Romanesque porch leads into the quiet building, which has two white, funnel-like domes opening upward to the roof. Agnes Sorrel's tomb lies in a little chapel in the Tour d'Agnès. The oldest part of the castle shows that it was

the most important fortress of Anjou. Great cliffs of stone form the keep. Traces of four stories are still visible, with stairs cut in the thick walls. The place could hold a garrison of twelve hundred men.

The prisons at Loches have witnessed some terrible scenes. The woman who acted as guide bore a small and sputtering lamp, and led the visitors down a narrow, twisting staircase, barred with great doors at every turn. Mr. Cook found it a veritable descent into the infernal regions. Sforza, Duke of Milan, was immured in a cell one hundred steps below ground. Its window gathers what little light can pierce its way through a slit made in fourteen feet of rock. Here for nine years Sforza languished, decorating with inscriptions the walls of his gloomy cell, where "death assailed him, but he could not die." One is thankful that he was moved higher up the tower, and allowed some exercise before his death. Further along the dark passage, and yet deeper under ground, is the Prison of the Bishops. The two ecclesiastics who were entombed there had made a pitiful representation of an altar and a cross, and each in turn had climbed up the wall to the window in order to catch a glimpse of the daylight. Richelieu kept François de Rochecouart at Loches for two years without any positive proof of conspiracy against him, but nothing would induce this brave man to divulge his secret. He was ordered for execution, and not reprieved till the last moment in order to shake his resolution, but he still maintained heroic silence.

We are thankful to close the pages which contain these gruesome stories. The next journey may be to Langeais. That village has "one good main street, from which numberless little alleys open out, lined by tiny cottages, and ending in a strip of green or garden ground." Two vast round towers rise at the end of this street. This is the fortress-château of Langeais, the finest existing example of a French castle built about the middle of the fifteenth century. Lady Dilke points out in her "Renaissance of Art in France" that the problem before the architect was how to blend the necessities of defence with the already increasing demands of domestic life. As a fortress it is certainly not up to date. Elaborate precautions against scaling-ladders have been taken, but gunpowder is quite forgotten. "One gate only affords access to the interior court, and that gate is flanked by massive towers, and protected by a port-

cullis. The interior court is almost wholly confined by the buildings around it, the high walls which defend it on the outside are cut up at well-guarded angles by massive towers, and protected by a portcullis. The whole length is crowned by heavy machicolated battlements, so that the aspect of the exterior is severe; but the *façade* which looks upon the court within is not wanting in elegance. Four small towers, each of which contains a spiral staircase, break the monotony of the front, and give access to the different stories." Each story is a repetition of the simple arrangement of rooms adopted on the ground floor. The first château of Langeais, occupied by the Black Prince during the campaign on the Loire, has perished. The present building was erected in 1464, under the direction of Jean Briçonnet, first mayor of Tours. Its present owner, M. Siefried, is turning it "into one harmonious picture of oak carvings, tapestry, and warm-tiled floors." The porch is as lovely as the château. A quaint feature of the place is the guard's *chemin de ronde*, a little passage beneath the roof formed by the machicolations. It extends all round the château, "lighted by innumerable little windows, which give an ever changing view of the valley of the Loire from the forest of Chinon, west and south, to the cathedral towers of Tours, far off among the mist towards the east." In the Great Hall, Anne of Brittany, the vivacious, imperious, yet true-hearted and devout little Breton duchess, was married to Charles VIII., and here she spent her brief widowhood until her second marriage with Louis XII.

Chaumont is on the left bank of the Loire, twenty-five miles above Tours. From the magnificent bridge which here spans the river, one of the finest views is obtained of the sweeping current. The forest of Blois shows above the house-tops. The towers of Chaumont rise upon the wooded hill, whilst the little village nestles by the river. When the Black Falcon drove the Lord of Saumur out of his castle by his famous night attack, the Count of Blois gave Chaumont to his dependant. This castle was burnt down in one of the perpetual wars with Henry Plantagenet. In the second castle Becket met his royal master for the last time. Here Georges, Cardinal d'Amboise, the great minister of France, was born in 1460. The cardinal's father incurred the displeasure of Louis XI., who rased his château to the ground; but a few years later, Philibert l'Orme built the present

compact and perfect mansion for Charles, the brother of the cardinal. The fourth side of the original quadrangle was demolished in 1739. A splendid terrace was thus formed, looking out on the Loire, with the main buildings of the castle as background. Cardinal d'Amboise introduced good order, economy, and reform into the French government, repressed brigandage, reformed justice, and became the most influential man of his time. He has often been compared to Wolsey. But he was more happy in his fortunes, for he died immensely wealthy, with all his honors thick upon him. His old red cardinal's hat is still seen hanging above his carved chair on the altar steps of his chapel at Chaumont. Catherine de Medicis was for a while mistress of the château, where her bed, with its curtains and the old worn prie-dieu, is now shown to visitors. The Duc de Broglie, who preserves it with loving care, is the present lord of this fine old castle.

Chenonceaux is associated with the name of Diane de Poitiers, to whom it was given by Henry II. The first view of the château is very impressive. A long range of buildings stand on the right, to the left is Diane's wide terraced garden, "surrounded by its high walk, which leads to the raised courtyard immediately in front of the main building, a large and very handsome open space rising upon high walls from the lower level, with a fine detached tower at the right corner, the oldest part of the château, the last relic of its earliest owners." The vine lands slope softly to the river, and the trees round the water's bank form "an exquisite natural setting for one of the most beautiful dwellings ever fashioned by the heart of man." It was built for Thomas Bohier, the great financier. The foundations were laid in 1515, the year when Francis I. came to the throne. A confused medley of spires, minarets, and cupolas greet the eye as you approach from the eastern side. "Every turret, every pinnacle, is crowned with some fantastic ornament," angles jut forth from the pierced and carved work surrounding them. "The surprises, the accidents of the interior multiply with incessant mystery. The numberless halls, chambers, cabinets, present the most striking sign of diversity both as to size and character." Its ruling idea is that of a secular convent, bringing together "halls of state, private apartments, secluded cabinets, and hidden cells" under one roof. The individual life thus finds room for development, even

amid all the claims and pleasures of a common society. Francis I. became master of the château after Bohier's death. After Francis's time it passed to Diane de Poitiers. This lady had come to court after she had lost her husband, the seneschal of Normandy. Francis I. commended his dull son to the handsome widow, who soon won complete power over the dauphin. "Her strength, her magnificent health, the cold reserve and energy of her character appealed to him as much as the firm line of her features, the proud curve of her lips, the narrow forehead which marked the decision of her nature rather than the loftiness of her ideas." Nothing disturbed this woman's serenity or checked her insatiable avarice and ambition. Her two daughters married into the powerful families of Lamarck and Guise. The mistress reconciled her lover to the presence of Catherine de Medicis, the wife whom he disdained. She even nursed Catherine and her children. When Henry II. died she was turned out of Chenonceaux, which Catherine wished to have for herself. She built the long gallery there, and gave a splendid fête to the young king and queen — Francis II. and Marie Stuart. As their majesties entered the main drive of the castle knots of women stood at the foot of every tree "in their holiday attire, wearing great broad-brimmed rustic hats, and waving many-colored ribands, while their husbands and brothers, with flags flying and drums beating, made a brave show upon the little hill at the entrance to the park." Before the great court stood a grand triumphal arch, resting on four pillars, round which ivy was twined. As the king entered the castle a shower of fireworks went off, and thirty cannons roared forth a welcome. Pallas stepped forward, and rained down a shower of flowers and leaves inscribed with sonnets to the king and queen. Those were bright days in the life of Mary Queen of Scots. Chenonceaux, in the days of Madame Dupin, at the end of last century, became a resort of all the *litterati*. Voltaire, Bolingbroke, Rousseau, were constant visitors here. It is now in the hands of the Crédit Foncier, who charge a franc for admission. The place seems to have been built for domestic pleasure, and leaves an impression of beauty and happiness on the mind of every visitor.

Amboise is said to gain more from the river than the other châteaux of Touraine. Its magnificent round tower "completely commands the approaches of the bridge,

and the extraordinary effect of lofty masonry, produced by building on the summit of an elevation and carrying the stone courses upwards from the lower ground, is here seen at its best." The white houses of the little town cluster round the castle "like crumbs that have fallen from a well-laden table." After passing the archway a winding ascent leads into gardens lifted high above the world below, and shut in by towers and terraces. The lovely little Chapel of St. Hubert "looks very tiny in one corner of the vast courtyard, but the charming effect of its light buttresses, rising from below and clinging to the great outer walls of rock and brickwork until they end in finely chiselled pinnacles that blossom from the angles of the roof, is completed by a richness and care in the workmanship of the interior very rarely surpassed by any monument of its time; the inner surface of its walls is a marvel of beautiful stone carving fine as lace, and shows up the more as it is almost the only work of its kind to be seen at Amboise." Amboise can boast of great antiquity. There was a Roman camp here, and King Arthur is said at one time to have been lord of the castle. In the ninth century it belonged to the Counts of Anjou. Six hundred years later, when it became a royal residence, the townsmen greeted Louis XI. with a mystery play such as that age loved, and distributed wine to all comers at the civic expense. At Amboise Louis instituted the order of St. Michael, which was to rival the Golden Fleece. Here also the king, feeling that death was near, invested his son, Charles VIII., with royal authority. When Charles lost his little son at the age of three he tried to forget his sorrow in building the Chapel of St. Hubert and the two great towers, which have winding planes of brickwork instead of stairs. Up these strange ascents Charles V. once rode with Francis I. amid such a blaze of flambeaux "that a man might see as clearly as at midday." Passing through a little doorway at Amboise Charles VIII. struck his head violently against the low stone arch, and died in a few hours. His two boys, whose monument is still seen at Tours Cathedral, died before him, so that the throne passed to the house of Orléans. The Comte de Paris, the present owner of the château, has restored it with great care, but this work has been cut short by his exile.

Francis I. spent many happy days of his boyhood here. Louise de Savoie's journal is full of the son whom she almost worshipped. She notes that in January,



1501, "my king, my lord, my Cæsar" was run away with by his pony in the field, near Amboise. He was in great danger, "nevertheless God, the protector of widow women and the defence of orphans," protected the young prince from accident. One day Francis let loose a wild boar in the court, which scattered the servants and then rushed towards the great staircase, where he killed it with his dagger. From Amboise the young prince first left for court, and hence his mother journeyed on foot to "Notre Dame de Fontaines, to recommend to her him whom I love more than myself, my glorious son and my victorious Cæsar, who has subdued the Helvetians." Leonardo da Vinci rests in the little chapel at Amboise. Marie Stuart made a triumphal entry here in November, 1559, with her young husband, Francis II. Five months later the conspiracy of Amboise began. The doctrines of Calvin had taken firm hold on Touraine. Fierce religious persecution made the Huguenots turn eagerly to the princes of the blood for protection from the hated Guises. Suppliants flocked into Touraine from all parts to lay their wrongs before the king. The Guises suddenly awoke to their danger. The court moved from Blois to what was considered the safer fortress at Amboise, where "as a matter of fact the castle was almost without troops or stores, where the town was full of Protestants, and Tours, hard by, was hostile or indifferent." La Renaudie had formed a plot to seize the Guises, but some of his confederates, who were enticed into Amboise on promise of a free pass to the king's presence, were there cast into prison, and "tormented with hellish cruelty." The men sent for their rescue were seized and dragged in "at the horses' tails" to die. Some two thousand scoundrels flocked to Amboise in order to share the murder and plunder. A terrible month followed. Every cut-throat in the Guises' pay made his fortune, "for the country swarmed with men who waited to be killed, or citizens like those of Toulouse, who refused to move before they had spoken to the king, and were only cured of their importunity by being hanged from the castle windows." Amboise was thronged by suppliants claiming justice or mercy, but there was no relenting in the breasts of the Guises. Scaffolds were raised in full view of the balcony overlooking the Loire, tiers of planked seats rose all round the square in which the executions were to take place. Thousands of people slept in the fields that they might be ready for

the morrow's spectacle. "The very roofs were black with spectators, and a merry barter was carried on by the fortunate owners of houses looking out upon the square." The prisoners sang Clement Marot's rendering of "God be merciful unto us and bless us:"—

Dieu nous soit doux et favorable  
 Nous bénissant par sa bonté.  
 Et de son visage adorable  
 Nous fasse luire la clarté.

The strains grew fainter as the fast falling axe thinned the choir. The young king turned pale, and would fain have gone in, but the Guises would not suffer him to retire. As the last victim mounted the block singing, the crowd seemed ready to rescue him, but the axe fell, and the horror of Amboise was over. No such ghastly scene was ever witnessed by the châteaux of Touraine.

Vengeance overtook the hated race of Guise a quarter of a century later at Blois. That great château has been restored with rare skill and thoroughness. It has not the mellowed beauty of Langeais or Azay-le-Rideau, but its three styles of architecture help a visitor to reconstruct the three great ages of which it is a memorial. Its eastern wing is a splendid monument of the earlier Renaissance.

The architectural scheme is very simple. Three rows of pilasters are superimposed one above another. At about two-thirds down the front the open spiral staircase juts out and towers upwards. It seems at first to stand free, breaking up the even succession of small columns and their perpendicular descent with the bold projection of its octagonal lines. But above it is embossed and caught into the whole mass by the broad crowning cornice which gathers within its strengthening bands every various curve. The sculptured dormers fret along its edge, searching the air with their pointed tongues, and twice the carved cases of the chimney-stacks break aloft through the roof, like towers, but the cornice keeps firm hold upon their base.\*

The winding staircase, with its fine carvings, is a triumph of art which never ceases to charm a student of architecture.

Froissart, the chronicler, was once chaplain in Blois. Here Valentine Visconti mourned the death of her husband, Louis d'Orléans, who had been murdered in the streets of Paris. During her brother's absence Margaret of Navarre went twice a day through all the buildings and grounds to hasten Francis the First's workmen. Many a state pageant was witnessed in the

\* Renaissance of Art in France, I. 51.



château. But the chief event in its history is the downfall of the house of Guise. In 1576, Henry III. summoned the States-General to meet at Blois. Henry of Guise, known as Le Balafré, was then in the height of his power. The king, weary of his schoolmaster, was plotting for his murder. Guise was so confident that he despised all warnings. A note in his dinner-napkin was thrown away unread. On December 22 every arrangement for the tragedy was complete. A tenth warning, given at the last moment, failed to stay the victim's steps. He marched calmly on to the cabinet where the king was said to be waiting for him. The murderers now set upon him, but he dragged them,

struggling, from one end of the room to the other, staggering with arms outstretched, dull eyes within their staring sockets, and mouth half opened, as one already dead. At last he fell [pierced with more than forty wounds] beside the curtains of the bed. Then came out the king, and with all the meanness of his pitiful nature spurned with his heel the face of the dying man — a terrible reprisal this, for the cruelty of De Guise himself to the grey hairs of Coligny; and the last sigh of the great duke, who rendered up his strong spirit slowly and with almost unconquerable effort, was received by the courtier who was kneeling down to rifle the pockets of the corpse; it was covered with a grey cloak, and a cross of straw was thrown upon it.

His body and that of his brother, the cardinal, who was murdered next day, were burned within the castle, and their ashes scattered on the waters of the Loire. Detestable as the assassination was, it shows that justice had at length overtaken the hated house whose hands were red with butchery at Amboise, and to whom was due the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Arthur Young, the famous agriculturist, who visited Blois in 1787, dwells upon "the bigotry and ambition, equally dark, insidious, and bloody," of those times, and adds grimly: "The parties could hardly be better employed than in cutting each other's throats."

Crossing to the left bank of the Loire by a fine stone bridge — the first public work of Louis Philippe — we pass through a flat vine country to Chambord, ten miles to the east of Blois. It is amusing to find Arthur Young's mind full of turnips as he wanders among these scenes of old court life in France. If ever he says the king wished to form "one complete and perfect farm under the turnip culture of England, here is the place for it." At the end of a long avenue Mr. Cook discerned what

seemed to be a village in the air. Soon the enormous towers of Chambord, sixty feet in diameter, were seen. Mr. Henry James calls the place, "An irresponsible, insoluble labyrinth." There are thirteen great staircases, besides numberless smaller ones, and four hundred and forty rooms. The outlying work which gave the great château of Francis I. its dignity has disappeared. "The broad foundations and heavy arches which rose proudly out of the waters of the moat no longer impress the eye. The truncated mass squats ignobly upon the turf, the waters of the moat are gone, gone are the deep embankments crowned with pierced balustrades, gone is the no-longer needed bridge with its guardian lions."\* The double staircase, like two corkscrews whose curves ascend together yet never touch, is one of the wonders of the place. The perplexed visitor sees his companion mounting with him step by step, but never joins him till he reaches the top. Francis I. spent his last days here, hunting in his Touraine estates and idolized by his sister, Margaret of Navarre. Louis XIV. watched the plays of Molière acted here, but he afterwards deserted the Versailles of Touraine in order to fix his home nearer Paris. Marshal Saxe, who won the estate by his victory at Fontenoy, decorated it with cannon, and had here a regiment of lancers whom he reviewed daily from the terrace.

The château of Azay-le-Rideau, built in 1520, rises almost out of the waters of the Indre like an L set on its side, with a turreted and crested tower at each corner, and an effect of distance and beauty of line "unequalled among a series of architectural triumphs." The river banks, shaded with limes and cedars, make a perfect setting for the lovely château, which is now the home of the Marquis de Biencourt. The place itself lacks historic interest, but "all the ages of French history look down upon us as we pass through its picture-gallery. The fair women who once exercised such an influence over the destinies of France live on the canvas. Here is Catherine de Medicis and a charming picture of Marie Stuart framed beside her young husband." Diane de Poitiers was "powerful enough even to crush the venomous Italian queen into subjection for a time; but the day of Catherine of Medicis was not long in coming, and for three more years her hand was at the throat of France, her influence

\* Renaissance of Art in France, I. 55.

poisoning its court." There are other châteaux which a traveller will do well to visit, such as Cheverny, Beauregard, Ramorantin, and Montrichard. Almost every eminence indeed is crowned by some old mansion with a history. Many details are given in Murray's "Handbook to France" which seem to bring the modern aspect of these châteaux more clearly before the eyes of a reader of "Old Touraine." It ought to be consulted at every turn by any one who wishes to know the present condition of the valley of the Loire. Its descriptions often contain happy phrases which give new vividness to the pages of Mr. Cook's volume. It is a guide-book, but it is literature as well.

We must now turn back again to Tours. The town owed much of its prosperity to the myriad châteaux of the Loire. Louis XI. and his two immediate successors dwelt for the most part in that city, not in Paris. Every art of the decorator flourished, for kings and nobles vied with each other in erecting and adorning magnificent mansions. Tapestry was so eagerly sought in the middle of the sixteenth century that it appeared as though it would take the place of painting in Tours. Venetian workmen were brought to instruct the artificers. Some of the Tours artists even visited Rome to perfect their learning. Two great fairs were held by royal charter in March and September for the sale of silks and cloth of gold and silver. The company of silkmakers figure in the processions of the time, with mercers, armorers, and jewellers. Those were days of great prosperity in Tours. The Edict of Nantes stimulated its trade. Mulberry-trees were planted by the king's order here, at Orleans, and Paris. Tours did not escape the religious troubles of the time. The Huguenots were killed in its streets, or on boats and barges floating in the river. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes scattered forty out of its eighty thousand inhabitants. The town has never recovered that mad stroke at the very vitals of France. But its prosperity is returning. It now has a population of sixty thousand busy in the large printing and publishing trade of the town, and in the manufacture of silk, cloth, carpets, and chemicals.

Readers of Frances Elliot's "Old Court Life in France" will be surprised to find how large a place the châteaux of Touraine fill in the brilliant scenes of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The old French memoir writers lead us from castle to castle in an incessant round of

gaiety and never-ending intrigue. Mr. Cook's volumes on Old Touraine will be a mine of delight to those who wish to study the social life, the art and architecture of these bygone times. He sometimes puzzles us by forgetting that his readers have not been steeped in the life of these old châteaux as he himself has been. A few connecting links are dropped here and there; but his book is a notable work, dealing with a theme of enduring interest for England as well as for France. We may take our leave of the work by quoting its closing sentences about the valley of the Loire.

It is a fascinating valley, full of history, full of romance. The Plantagenets have lived and died here, the Black Prince has fought up and down the river. Sir Walter Raleigh served his first campaign here with the Protestants; even King Arthur has been heard of at Amboise. Here are scenes that Turner has painted; where Landor and Wordsworth have watched the setting sun; here in the heart of France, in the most French of all her provinces, there seems a special interest for the Englishman. A special beauty in this royal river flowing past Fontevault to the sea, in this broad smiling landscape clad with vines,

Where from the frequent bridge  
Like emblems of infinity,  
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

#### AUNT ANNE.\*

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a long night that followed. A telegram had arrived from the Hibberts. They were on their way, and coming as fast as possible, they said; but through the dark hours, as Mrs. North sat beside Aunt Anne, she feared that death would come still faster.

Her bronchitis was worse at times; she could hardly breathe; it was only the almost summer-like warmth that saved her. She talked of strange people when she could find voice to do so—people of whom Mrs. North had never heard before; but it seemed somehow as if they had silently entered—as if they filled the house, and were waiting. At midnight and in the still small hours of the morning she could fancy that they were going softly up and down the stairs; that they

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peered into the room in which Aunt Anne lay — the one to the front that looked down on the long white road stretching from the city to the sea. "Oh, if the Hibberts would come," Mrs. North said a dozen times. "I want her to die with her own people. I love her, but I am a stranger."

So the night passed.

"My dear," Aunt Anne asked, opening her eyes, "is it morning yet?"

"Yes," Mrs. North answered tenderly, "and a lovely morning. The sun is shining, and a thrush is singing on the tree outside. We will open the window presently and let the summer in." An hour passed, and the postman came, but he brought no news of those who were expected. Later on the doctor looked in, and said her pulse was weaker.

"She must live a little longer," Mrs. North said, in despair; "she must, indeed."

"I will come again this afternoon," he said; "perhaps she may have a little rally." While Aunt Anne dozed and the maid watched, Mrs. North, unable to sit quietly any longer, wandered up and down the house, and round the little drawing-room, bending her face over the pot-pourri on the corner cupboard, opening the piano and looking at the yellow keys she did not venture to touch. And then, restlessly, she went into the garden, and gathered some oak and beech boughs, with the fresh young leaves upon them, and put them in pots, as Aunt Anne had once done for the home-coming of Florence.

"I cannot feel as if she is going to die," she thought, "but rather as if she were going to meet the people she knew long ago; it will be a festival for them." She looked down the road, and strained her ears, but there was no sound of a carriage, no sign of Walter and Florence. Then, for a moment, she remembered her letter, but she was afraid to let herself linger over it while Aunt Anne up-stairs lay dying. "It is all such a tangle," she said to herself — "life and death, and joy and sorrow, and which is best it is difficult to say." Aunt Anne's little breakfast was ready, and she carried it up herself, and lovingly watched the old lady trying to swallow a spoonful.

"You look a little better again, Aunt Anne."

"Yes, love; and I shall be much better when I have seen those dear children. I am not quite happy about that will. I wanted you to have some remembrance of me."

"Give me something," Mrs. North

said — "something you have worn; I shall like that better than a legacy, because I shall have it from your own two living hands."

"I have parted with all my possessions, but Florence and Walter shall be commissioned to get you something."

"The thing I should have liked," Mrs. North answered, "was a little brooch you used to wear. It had hair in the middle, and a crinkly gold setting around it."

"My dear," said Aunt Anne dreamily, "it is in a little box in my left-hand drawer; but it needs renovating — the pin is broken, and the glass and the hair have come out. It belonged to my mother."

"Give it to me," Mrs. North said eagerly. "I will have it done up, and wear it till you are better, and then you shall have it back; let me get it at once" — and in her eager manner she went to the drawer. "Here it is," she said. "It will make a little gold buckle. I have a canary-colored ribbon in the next room; I will put it through, and wear it round my neck. Aunt Anne, you have made me a present."

"I am delighted that it meets with your approval, my dear" — and there was a long silence. The morning dragged on — a happy spring morning, on which, as Mrs. North said to herself, you could almost hear the summer walking to you over the little flowers. Presently Aunt Anne called her.

"I was thinking," she said, "of a canary-colored dress I had when I was a girl. I wore it at my first ball — it was a military ball, my dear, and the officers were all in uniform. As soon as I entered the room Captain Maxwell asked me to dance; but I felt quite afraid, and said, 'You must take off your sword, if you please, and put it on one side.' Think of my audacity in asking him to do such a thing; but he did it. Your ribbon made me remember it" — and again she dropped off to sleep.

Mrs. North went to the window, and looked out once more. "I feel like sister Anne on the watch-tower," she said to herself. "If they would only come." Suddenly a dread overcame her. Florence and Walter knew nothing of Alfred Wimple's conduct. They might arrive, and, before she had time to tell them, by some chance word cause Aunt Anne infinite pain. The shame and humiliation seemed to have gone out of the old lady's life during the last day or two. It would be a cruel thing to remind her of it. She had made herself ready to meet death. It was

coming to her gently and surely, with thoughts of those she loved, and a remembrance of the days that had been before the maddening shame of the past year. Mrs. North went down-stairs. Jane Mitchell was in the kitchen.

"Is there any way of sending a note to the station?" she asked.

"Why, yes, ma'am; Lucas would take it with the pony-cart."

"Go to him, ask him to get ready at once, and come for the letter." As shortly as possible she wrote an account of all that had taken place at the cottage, and explained her own presence there.

"Take this at once to the station-master, and ask him to give it to Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert the moment they arrive, and to see that they come here by the fastest fly that is there." And once more she went up to the front bedroom. Aunt Anne was sleeping peacefully; a little smile was on her lips. Mrs. North went to the window, and looked up and down the long straight road, and over at the fir-trees. Presently Lucas came by with the pony-cart; he touched his hat, pulled the note out of his pocket to show that he had it safely, and drove on in the sunshine. The birds were twittering everywhere. A clump of broom was nearly topped with yellow; some spots of gold were on the gorse. Half an hour — Aunt Anne still slept. Mrs. North put her arms on the window-sill, and rested her head down on them with her face turned to the road that led to the station. "If only the Hibberts would come!" she said. "Oh, if they would come!"

The long morning went into afternoon. A change came over Aunt Anne. It was plain enough this time. She spoke once, very gently and so indistinctly that Mrs. North could hardly make out the words, though she bent over her, trying to understand.

"Aunt Anne, dear, do you know me?" A smile came over the old lady's face. She was thinking of something that pleased her.

"Yes, dear Walter," she said, "you must get some chocolates for those dear children, and I will reimburse you." Then the little woman, who had watched so bravely, broke down, and, kneeling by the bedside, sobbed softly to herself.

"Oh, they must come; oh, they must come," she whispered. "Perhaps I had better rouse her a little," she thought after a little while, and slipped her arm under the old lady's shoulder.

"Aunt Anne — Aunt Anne, dear," she said, "Walter and Florence are coming;

they are hurrying to you, do you hear me?"

"Yes, my love," the old lady said, recovering a little, and recognizing her. "You said it was morning time, and a thrush was singing on the tree outside. I think I hear it."

"You do; listen, dear, listen!" and Mrs. North turned her face towards the window, as though she were listening, and looked at Aunt Anne's face, as if to put life into her. And as she did so there came upon her ears a joyful sound, the one she most longed to hear in the world — the sound of carriage wheels.

"They have come," she said; "thank God! they have come."

Aunt Anne seemed to understand; an expression of restfulness came over her face; she closed her eyes, as if satisfied. Mrs. North was in despair; it seemed as if they would be a moment too late.

"Dearest old lady, they have come! they are in the garden! Wake up! — wake up, to see them. Stay, let me prop you up a little bit more." She could scarcely say the words, her heart was so full. "There, now you can see the fir-trees and the sunshine. Kiss me once, dear Aunt Anne, I am going to fetch your children" — and she gently drew her arms away. The Hibberts were in the house — they were on the stairs already. Mrs. North met them. "You are just in time," she whispered to Florence — "she has waited."

Mrs. Hibbert could not speak, but she stopped one moment to put her arms round Mrs. North's neck, and then went on.

"Come with us," Walter said.

"No," Mrs. North answered chokingly, while the tears ran down her face. "She is waiting for you. Go in to her. I have no business there."

Without a word they went to Aunt Anne. Like a flash there came over Florence the remembrance of the day when she had first entered the room, and had thought that it looked like a room to die in. The old lady did not make a sign. For a moment they stood by her silently. Florence stooped, and kissed the coverlet.

"Dear Aunt Anne," they said tenderly, "we have come." Then a look of joy spread over the old lady's face. She made one last struggle to speak.

"My dear Walter and Florence," she said, and stopped for a moment. "I have not been able — to make any preparation for your arrival — but Mrs. North" — she stopped again, and her eyes closed. They

went a little nearer to each other, and stood watching.

The scent of the fresh spring air filled the room. The sunshine was passing over the house. There was the clear note of a bird, but not another sound. The bird ceased, and all was still—so still that Florence looked up, with a questioning look of fear upon her face. Walter bent over the bed for a moment, then gently put his arm round his wife's shoulder. Aunt Anne had journeyed on.

From The National Review.

#### A CRITICAL TABOO.

BY ANDREW LANG.

REPLIES to critics are not usually judicious. A critic dispraises a book, as a rule, because he dislikes it, because there is a pre-established want of harmony and correspondence between his mind and the author's, because the contact of their intelligences is not agreeable, but clashing and discordant. He then seeks for the reasons of his antipathy, and states them in the form of general law, or taboos; but, at bottom, he is in the position of the poet who did not care for Dr. Fell. Thus, there is no possibility of converting the critic by a reply. You cannot persuade him that you have humor if you do not make him smile, nor that you excel in pathos if at your pathos he only grunts indignantly. So far, then, replies to reviewers are destined to be failures; but they may instruct the public, and illustrate the principles of criticism, and of literary art, these evanescent, these intangible principles. Thus, in a recent "Reply," the accomplished author of "David Grieve" defends most successfully the novelist's right to use all the materials that make up life, among them, moral, and theological, and social discussion. It is not possible, in common fairness, to deny her thesis, that speculation about religion and morals does make a great part of some lives, and consequently, just as much as love, or war, or business, is the legitimate material of the novelist. Indeed, one cannot properly restrict an art which is also, and inevitably, a "criticism of life" to any set of topics which are elements of life, except by generally regarding some themes as barred by the universal rules of human modesty. Even on this matter there may be argument; and we might discuss, at great length, the sources of the sense of shame, which everywhere exists, though

more potently among ancient Persians and modern English, less potently among ancient Greeks and modern Frenchmen. On the whole, in England at least, we do not wish or expect novelists to dilate on experiences from which we instinctively turn away our eyes and avert our thoughts, just as the very Hottentots do; so they told Kolbe. Yet even this is, no doubt, a geographical morality; and that is permitted, or encouraged, on one side of the Channel which is forbidden, or at least disliked, on the other.

However, we have to do here with other proposed limitations, or taboos, such as the assumed rule that religious and moral discussion and criticism is not fair matter for the art of fiction. Here Mrs. Ward does seem to establish her case. Moral and religious discussion influences and interests many lives. The novelist, therefore, has a right to work in these elements of interest. He has also, if he chooses to exercise it, a right to try to reform society; there is no law of the land, or of literature, against the endeavor. We can only collect the law from the ruling practice, as the laws of epic poetry were collected by the Greek critics out of the practice of Homer. That practice was adopted as the canon by Aristotle, though he hints an opinion that all epics need not be quite so very long as the great originals. If, then, we seek to gather the law, in the case of fiction and of literary art generally, out of the classics of fiction, we certainly find that the best and most famous writers allowed themselves, in some degree, the license pleaded for by Mrs. Ward. But it is emphatically to be noted that the question is one of degree. The most eminent authors of the past never pretended to make art the only object of art; they were always asserting their privilege to be didactic if they choose. Take the example of Molière. He wrote "Tartuffe" as a criticism of religious hypocrisy; really to avenge himself on hypocrites, no doubt; but he also persuaded himself that he was and ought to be didactic. Then, as he says in his preface to the play, "these gentlemen try to insinuate that the theatre has no business to meddle with such matters." But this, he remarks, is an arbitrary taboo of their own, which they never succeed in proving. He points to the religious origin of the drama, and insists that the stage is a corrective of human errors. So far, then, Molière set himself about "reforming the world," though, on the whole, he was fortunately much more addicted to



amusing it. Still, he claims his right; and every author has always claimed it, and exerted it as he thought desirable. Fiction, in our age, holds much the same place as the drama held in the reign of Louis XIV.; it is the most popular and accessible form of literary art, and assuredly it may be as didactic as it likes, taking the risks upon its own head.

Though the opposite opinion — namely, that art exists for art's sake alone — is now so popular with critics, and really has so much, of a kind, to say for itself, it has never been accepted by the public, nor by artists in literature. They have always, in practice and theory, asserted their human privilege of discussion — of preaching, if you please. The greatest novelists of the last century, Fielding and Richardson, are deliberate and incorrigible preachers. Richardson started on his voluminous career — not as an artist, but — as one who wished, as Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "to suggest proper sentiments to handsome servant-girls." As for Fielding, he declares, "The provision which we have here made is no other than HUMAN NATURE," wherein "is such prodigious Variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several Species of animal and vegetable Food in the World, than an Author will be able to exhaust so extensive a Subject." He most emphatically does not deny himself any side of human nature, nor stint himself in social and moral discussion. For example, take the discourses on charity, in "Tom Jones" (vol. I, p. 111, ed. 1749). Here Captain Blifil and Mr. Allworthy argue about charity, as inculcated by Christianity, and are in the very thick of matter which some modern reviewers would taboo against the modern novelist. Captain Blifil suggests that one should not give alms, for one may be imposed on by the undeserving. Mr. Allworthy, on the other side, maintains that Charity consists in Action, and that "giving Alms constituted at least one Branch of that Virtue." Mr. Allworthy held that charity was a duty, and asserted for it no merit, except, perhaps, when in a spirit of Christian love "we bestow on another what we really want ourselves," when we give "what even our own necessities cannot very well spare." On the other hand, to give only at the expense of our coffers, to save a family from misery rather than hang up an extraordinary picture in our houses, — "this seems to be only being Christians, nay, indeed, only being human Creatures." With hardly an interval, do we not find the Philosopher Square dis-

cussing Religion under well-known limitations? "When I mention religion, I mean the Christian Religion, and not only the Christian Religion, but the Protestant Religion, and not only the Protestant Religion, but the Church of England." And so Fielding goes on always; he sets apart chapters for disquisition in general, and his whole heart is bent on "reforming the world," and, especially, on reforming the condition of the poor. The author rarely forgets that he is also the just and humane magistrate. "Be a good man, my dear," were the last words of Walter Scott; it is the first and last word of Fielding, though he is more than need be lenient to the adventurousness of youth. Thus, his character is not high with those who restrict the term "morality" to one point of conduct. Yet, as he understood morality, he is an unceasing moralist, a preacher up hill and down dale. But then he is a preacher with the saving gifts of humor and knowledge of human nature. Thus, his preaching does not bore and fatigue, it comes in its place; it holds its due proportion in that great happy current of his tales.

Of all novelists Scott gave himself most frankly to the task of entertaining. Yet even his novels are unmistakably didactic. A man cannot but bring his own reasoned theory of human life into his work in fiction; and what is this but teaching? What is this but criticising? Sometimes he admits his set purpose. For example, he was blamed for making Rebecca the victim of an unhappy love; and we have all regretted it; we all are on Rebecca's side, not Rowena's, — we all know which of them Ivanhoe loved in his heart. But Sir Walter says, in his preface: "The author may, in passing, observe that he thinks character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of principle and of conduct are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or the attainment of our wishes." Here be morals, indeed; and here, in a regular boy's book like "Ivanhoe," we find Sir Walter practically in accord with modern doctrines about the "happy ending" — about the satisfactory *dénouement*. The ending of "Ivanhoe" was not happy and satisfactory enough



for Thackeray, who converted Rebecca, as we know, from the Hebrew error. Scott might have killed Rowena, or married her to Athelstane; he might have converted Rebecca; or he might have made her leap into the Templar's saddle from the stake, flee to some hold with him, and set forth to find and found a new kingdom in the mysterious East, as the Templar gallantly proposed. But Scott had his moral in his eye; he denied himself and his readers. So, in "The Heart of Midlothian," he makes goodness, in a simple mind, in a body not more than ordinarily comely, far more attractive than the beauty and passion of Effie Deans. So he constantly inculcates his own loyal theory of life. He makes Frank Osbaldistone swallow down his excessive passion; at that last meeting with Di Vernon on the moonlit moor he makes him conquer his extreme emotion and take heart of manhood. Again, as Mr. Ruskin has noted, Scott makes, invariably, the most searching analysis of the effects of various degrees and forms of religion, in the characters of those who hold them; on fanatics, on half hypocrites, on men of the world, or on saints like Bessie Maclure in "Old Mortality." To this extent, and this effect, or, again, when he illustrates the temper begotten of black poverty in the hags of the "Bride of Lammermoor," he is always a teacher, and one who denies himself no element in human nature, though he prefers the large and ringing fields of life and war.

It is needless to illustrate the same distinctive tendency in Thackeray. He is pre-occupied with the anomalies and absurdities of society; he is always insisting on the excellence of goodness, of a pure and kind heart. Mr. Howells says that he lounges about the stage among his characters, talking, with his hands in his pockets. I, for one, am glad to meet him on that stage, in these moods, in that familiar attitude. M. Taine also has reproached Thackeray with his preaching; his modern versions of "the weary King Ecclesiast." In places, when he is tired and already old, the manner becomes a mannerism. But we take him as we find him, and are thankful for him. Dickens, of course, wrote plenty of his novels "with a purpose"—to expose Yorkshire schools, or the Court of Chancery, or the Circumlocution Office. Now it is ill done, and a weariness; now it is as admirably and humorously done as in the pictures of the immortal Squeezers, whose coat of arms is never really "tore," nor

has their sun gone down behind the western wave, as Miss Squeers observed in a moment of lyrical effusion. It is not the thing done, but the manner of the doing it, that seems to count in this art.

If we turn to the modern French, do we not see M. Zola writing his temperance tale, and generally reforming society, albeit with a muck-rake? Does not every novelist inevitably criticise life, and preach his peculiar moral with more or less explicitness and insistence? Is not M. Guy de Maupassant practically saying always that life is a gloomy Sahara, with oases of pleasure and of grimy humor? Does not M. Pierre Loti find life a weariness, tempered by scenery and the emotions? Is not M. Bourget's "Le Disciple" a long didactic tract on Determinism, if that be the right name of modern psychological fatalism? Then, as Mrs. Ward says, did not Rousseau, in "La Nouvelle Héloïse," and Goethe, in "Wilhelm Meister," take all discussion for their province? They did it,—and they overdid it. They made their effort, made their mark, their impression, and their success. But the "Nouvelle Héloïse" had become *rococo*, as Lady Louisa Stuart found, when Scott was in his prime; and who reads it now as a novel? "Wilhelm" is partly saved by Philina the delightful, and by Mignon; but it is sad æsthetic reading, taken as a whole.

This brings us to the gist of the matter. A book cast in the outward form of a novel may be a successful pamphlet, and may reach and influence persons who can read nothing which does not bear that outward form. But its permanent value, and all its value as art, must be due to something else than preaching, howsoever earnest, eloquent, and learned. It is the human nature, the humor, the pathos, the action of Richardson, Fielding, Sir Walter, Thackeray, that keep them alive, howsoever assiduously American literary sextons and parish clerks may dig their graves, and toll their knells. They survive by their power of entertaining, not by their didactic element, howsoever good, howsoever enduring it may be, as "criticism of life." Art, and not morality, is the salt of such literature; if it is to live, the preaching must not be to the amusement as Falstaff's bread to his monstrous deal of sack. Naturally, this is especially obvious when the preaching is "topical," and is meant to hit a moment in human thought and belief. A novel, in brief, is not better, but worse, in the ratio in which it approximates to a tract, or pamphlet,

meant to prove certain points. Thus, if it deals with a momentary stage of religious discussion, to which the criticism of the Old Testament is indispensable, it inevitably becomes a tract, and unfair, like other controversial treatises. Thus, no sooner have Messieurs Kuenen and Welhausen reached a given resting-place in Biblical criticism, and afforded what seems foothold for a romance of Doubt, than M. Havet, or some other innovator, comes with a fresh theory, and, I fear, you need a new novel to do it justice. Romance toils after Biblical critics in vain.

All these like a sea shall go by, like a fish shall they pass and be past,  
They are Dons, and behold they shall die, and the New be upon them at last.

Moreover, in a novel of such discussion, no author can be *fair*. He bowls over the unresisting Christian as the preacher bowls over the unreplying atheist, or he never gives the doubter a chance. I might write a novel on the Homeric controversy; according to the principles here set forth, there is no law of the literary game against it. I might take a Separatist don of Trinity as my hero, and make my fair Girtonian heroine a believer in Homeric Unity. One of them must convert the other. "Nitzsch, Nützhorn, Monro, Mure," ejaculates my believing heroine. "Bergk, Wolf, Lachmann, Fick, Leaf, Jebb," shouts my sceptical hero, and adds the weighty authority of Peppmüller. But naturally, as the author, I make that controversialist win who espouses my side in this secular dispute. The lady would win, of course, and as, after all, I like a happy ending, the pair would be left editing the Cyclic Fragments in a Bower of Bliss on the Cam. But I should have written a tract, I fear, rather than a novel. I do not intend to produce this romance, from a dread that the public mind is not ripe for the enterprise; but I do maintain that there is no literary law against such an essay, and I believe that it would keenly interest Mr. Gladstone.

In short, as to barring any field of mortal interest against the novelist, it seems to me, as it seemed to Molière, a proceeding quite arbitrary. Can you make people read you? That is the practical question. But they will not read you very long, remember, if your discussions are "topical," if being "topical" makes their main interest. About 1840-50 many novels of Protestant, Anglican, and Catholic controversy flourished vastly. They were "topical," and they have faded, as the "novel inter-

est" of the "Nouvelle Héloïse" has faded into that of an historical document, like "The Conduct of the Allies."

But, to persons who prefer their literary sack and bread in the proportion which, personally, I do not prefer, I would suggest a charming theme for an Historical Romance of Doubt. This is the Life and Death of Thomas Aikenhead. Thomas was born when, in scepticism, there were both peril and romance. He died (on the gallows) in 1697. A Scotch student of eighteen, he made a great Biblical discovery. The Pentateuch was post-exilian! With the haste of a discoverer, rather than with minute critical discrimination, he assigned the authorship of the whole Pentateuch (or perhaps of the Hexateuch) to Esdras. However, he was decidedly advanced and interesting. He said that Christianity would not last till 1800. The Edinburgh ministers insisted that he should instantly be hanged; and hanged Thomas Aikenhead was, "abjuring his errors,"—his errors, poor boy! He was only a forerunner of M. Havet.

Now, is there any genuine literary taboo against a novel on the Life and Adventures of Thomas Aikenhead? If Thomas had run away to sea, and gone a-pirating, if he had been concerned in the discovery of a treasure, if he had been mixed up in Sir John Fenwick's conspiracy, every one would admit that Thomas was an appropriate hero of romance. But theology was to Thomas, as to many souls, what adventure was to Mr. David Balfour of Shaws. It was the great central interest of a brief and singularly misspent existence. Why should this interest be tabooed? The taboo is arbitrary and absurd. To a vast number of honorable persons the date of the Pentateuch is a thing infinitely more important and absorbing than the discovery of a whole island of gold, or the glorious restoration of James VII., matters with which Thomas might have concerned himself. No critic has a right to say that serious people shall not have a novel to their liking.

I see the novel from here. Thomas is the son of one of the lovely yet scattered Remnant, a Cameronian farmer. He is brought up on the sermons of Mr. Peden, on the Bible, the Shorter and Longer Catechisms. He does not care for them; he is a child of nature. He plays truant from church, he conceives a youthful scepticism about Jonah, or Balaam's ass; he is flogged by his father, he is preached at by the minister, he goes to college; he makes, in a moment of inspiration, the dazzling dis-

covery that the Pentateuch is not what a vain people supposes; he talks about his discovery, he is informed on, goes into hiding where his Cameronian father had hidden long ago in peril for a different creed; is detected by that stern and Roman parent, is given up to justice and the lord advocate, is hanged, but first prophesies concerning Jean Astruc, M. Renan, Kuenen, Welhausen, and a golden age in which every one shall be quite sure that the Pentateuch is post-exilian. The reviewers in the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* may condemn this *scenario*, they may taboo it, they may say that romance has no call to deal with religion; but I shall still maintain that my subject is thrilling and legitimate. Perhaps Mr. Louis Stevenson might try his hand at it? The early struggles of Thomas with the Shorter Carritch on Effectual Calling would receive every justice from Mr. Stevenson. The more I look at the idea the more I like it. It is a double-barrelled kind of plot; it would bring down at once the modern serious inquirer and the mere lover of "Kidnapped," as with a right-and-left. The young would learn to be early inquirers, and precocious Biblical critics. The old would have some fun for their money. I feel inclined to write "Thomas Aikenhead" myself. And then, if it were popular, as it ought to be, the critics would loom all round, pronouncing a taboo on my Thomas's bright-eyed young researches into the literary *supercheries* of Esdras. If they were popular, "Hippocleides doesn't care," as that artist remarked when unfavorably criticised.

I have succeeded in convincing myself, and, I hope, the reader (if any), that the Didactic Romance, the Novel with a Purpose, is in a perfectly legitimate *genre*. I feel inclined to embrace Mr. Howells, figuratively speaking, and to throw up my bonnet and shout for a more serious and improving class of novel. Arguments, examples, crowd around me. Think of that epoch-making fiction, "Sandford and Merton"! A foolish contempt for Mr. Barlowe prevails in priggish æsthetic circles. I have never shared it. Tommy, Harry, and their instructor charmed my boyhood, charm me still. There is life, "go," and humor in the book, with delightful pictures of society. There is adventure. Do you remember Harry being flogged because he would not say where the hare had gone? Harry was quite right in his dislike of harriers. Do you remember the negro and the bull? Do you remember the fight with Master Masham, and

how that amateur proved too much for the rustic and untutored valor of Harry? Then, the tales from the classics were artistically introduced. The didactic element, in Mr. Barlowe, was kept in due subordination, as I do insist it should be, to the romantic interest. A romance should not be *all* Barlowe. Some romances are. The book had, perhaps has still, a vast and deserved popularity. It was a muscular and sinewy romance, and, even if it stood alone, would burst asunder the superstitious taboo of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*.

Were another instance wanted, take "Don Quixote," or take "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Cervantes, according to popular belief, wanted to "reform the world" by laughing Spain's chivalry away. He laughed it away. He reformed his world, as far as that went. He wrote a novel with a purpose. So did Mrs. Henry Beecher Stowe, with what success we all remember, or have heard. A young and flippant critic, like Miss Agnes Repplier, may mock at "Uncle Tom's Cabin," may say that, if it proves anything, it proves the excellencies of negro slavery, which bred such heroes as she no longer finds in Africa's dusky children. But there must be some answer to so unexpected a paradox. Certainly, though a novel with a purpose, "Uncle Tom" was a wonderfully readable novel.

The mere possession of a purpose does not, by itself, make a novel a consummate work of art; so far I do not mind going. I can even conceive such a thing as a dull and dismal novel with a purpose. But, on the other hand, its possession of a purpose does not thrust a novel beyond the pale, does not make it taboo, does not entitle us to say, "It's pretty; but is it art?" These are the taboos which critics invent when they simply happen not to like a book, when, as we said, there is a pre-established discord between their tastes and the author's taste. Let us try to be more honorable and sportsmanlike in criticism. Let us record our *impressions*. "This book bores me." "This book amuses me." Nothing else is genuine.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE JACOBITE LORD AILESBUURY.

How little a man may look on the vast plain and perspective of history, and how large he bulks, what a space he fills, in his own sight! Pepys is hardly more than

mentioned in the annals of the Restoration, but fortunately we possess the massive volumes in which Pepys gives the annals of himself. So, in Macaulay's "History of England," Thomas, Lord Ailesbury, has but a passing notice; and now after two centuries we are able to read Lord Ailesbury's story as he told it for his descendants. It is printed for the Roxburghe Club, "The Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, written by Himself," and of course there are but few copies of the book. In the last of his critical writings, Sir Walter Scott discusses the usefulness of book-clubs, such as the Bannatyne and the Roxburghe. He decides in their favor. True, they print extremely limited editions; but then they rescue works which merit preservation, though they can never be popular. One of the Scottish clubs—the Maitland, we think—found that there was no sale for extra copies of their publications. It is certain that volumes of the Bannatyne books, picked up in auctions, or from catalogues, are usually "quite uncut;" their leaves have never even been opened by the paper-cutter.\* Thus it is plain that the limited editions of the book-clubs are not generally too small. The Roxburghe, especially, preserves rather than publishes works. But, in the case of Lord Ailesbury's memoirs, we may regret that the book was not published in the ordinary way. It is so rich in anecdote, in curious revelations of character, in materials for history, that it could not, as Constable found to be the common case with such publications, have "spelled ruin." General Marbot's memoirs might almost as well have been printed to the extent of only one hundred examples. Not unfrequently we have to deplore this scarcity of Roxburghe books. Lord Stanhope's collection of "Stuart Papers" is now *introwvable*; and Mr. Ewald, in writing the biography of Charles Edward, was obliged to borrow the editor's own copy.

We must first give the history of the manuscript, before examining Lord Ailesbury's confessions. In 1885 the Marquis of Ailesbury, at the request of Lord Powis, then president of the Roxburghe Club, sent copies of his ancestors' papers to the late Rev. Mr. Buckley, who filled, very admirably, the seat of old Dr. Dibdin as secretary. The manuscript thus copied

was in twelve small quarto volumes of a hundred pages each. The original manuscript was begun by Lord Ailesbury, "at the earnest request of my dear son, the Lord Bruce," about Christmas, 1728. Lord Ailesbury was then at Brussels, having been in exile for thirty years. "It was a' for his rightfu' king he left fair England's strand." "The same began forty years complete after my royal master's being walked out of his kingdom." "Walked out" is good, and exactly describes the manner of James's undignified retreat. Lord Ailesbury "renounces the name of a historian, as being ignorant and illiterate," and writes "all out of the strength of memory." "I write for my own satisfaction, and let this pass for a sort of diary and nothing else. . . . I make up for defects in some measure by bringing to light what else you would never know, because historians flatter, and most often write for bread." "The best title I can give is a DOMESTIC DIARY; for the sincere part, I answer." As Mr. Buckley, the editor, says, Lord Ailesbury was "a thoroughly honest, fearless, and truthful man," with a passion, now singular, for a king as a king, but with a mind and temper naturally frank and impartial. He died abroad, in 1741, at the age of ninety-three; he was therefore eighty years of age when he began his memoirs. His heart is buried in an urn at Maulden, in Bedfordshire. By his second wife, the Comtesse de Sannu, he was the great grandfather of Louisa Maximiliana, wife of Charles Edward Stuart, and queen of England, *sed non voluntate hominum*.

Let us now see what history, as represented by Macaulay, has to say of Lord Ailesbury. He is mentioned\* as having written a letter on the death of Charles II., of which a fragment was printed in the *European Magazine* of April, 1795. "Ailesbury calls Burnet an impostor." "Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave," quoth Sir Andrew Aguecheek.† "Yet his own narrative," Macaulay goes on, "and Burnet's, will not, to any candid and sensible reader, appear to contradict each other." Macaulay next remarks (iii. 33) that "Ailesbury and Dartmouth, though vehement Jacobites, had as little scruple about taking the oath of allegiance as they afterwards had about breaking it." In 1690

\* "Uncut," technically used, means that the binder has not shaved down the margins; it does not mean that the paper-cutter has not been employed. Strangely enough, a bibliophile so eminent as Scott was unaware, as he shows, of this distinction.

\* Edition of 1855, i. 439, note.

† Ailesbury says, "That Dr. Burnet had learning and wit I knew but too well. As to the 'History of his Own Times,' I could give him the lie as often as there are pages in his book."

(iii. 586), the historian observes that "gangs" of conspirators, who previously distrusted each other, had drawn into a confederacy, when William of Orange was about to leave the country for a while. "Clarendon, who had refused the oaths, and Ailesbury, who had dishonestly taken them, were among the chief traitors." Ailesbury, it may be remarked, had a very low opinion of "the noble historian," Clarendon. Again, in 1692 (iv. 343), Ailesbury appears as violent and intolerant, and as "narrowly escaping the block" for conspiracy against William. The latest mention of Ailesbury, in connection with Porter and Sir John Fenwick's affair, will be compared, in the proper place, with Ailesbury's own narrative.

Lord Ailesbury begins his confessions by averring that his education had been neglected. He was neither sent to school nor to college, and after a visit to Paris, was married early. Then "my chief study was to examine myself what I could ever be good for, and what not, which made me resolve to be assiduous at court, where learning was not in any lustre, and young men are inclined to vanity more or less, and I thought a court the finest way of living possible; but I was, in some course of years after, much of a contrary opinion." He was fond of Charles, "the good king," and Charles of him; "but on his death all my joy in a court was cut off." Lord Ailesbury is strong on the duty of self-examination as to fitness for appointments. In one year he saw a lord high admiral whom seasickness kept off the sea, a stupid and "stuttering" president of the Council, a first commissioner of the treasury who could not "tell ten," and "a secretary of state that could neither read nor write, by way of speaking." He resolved, then, to accept no office for which he was not competent. He next turns to a theory of "Whigism," "which really sprung by degrees from the discontent of noble families;" and gentry, "whose ancestors were sequestered, decimated, and what not, on account of their steadfast loyalties," unrewarded by Charles, and unchronicled by Clarendon. Clarendon always gave the good king bad advice, to favor his foes, and to neglect his friends. He chose for the king as a wife Catherine of Braganza, "a virtuous princess, but so disagreeable in many respects not fit to mention, who then had attained to twenty-five years, which, for a Portuguese, is equal to one of forty in our climate." Clarendon was anxious that Charles should have no legitimate child,

for "the historian's daughter was married to the heir-presumptive of the crown, and his ambition was to have the crown on the head of his grandchildren." Charles "was of an amorous inclination, chiefly owing to" the ill choice of his consort. He could endure a gentle remonstrance, but informed Dr. Hampton, his chaplain, "that I am not angry for to be told of my faults, but I would have it done in a gentlemanlike manner." Burnet has misrepresented all this: "I know but too well what my two good kings and masters told me relating to him and his character." Lord Ailesbury then gives his reflections on the politics of Charles's later years. Of the Cabal, Lord Ailesbury speaks in bitter terms: "The Duke of Buckingham was flashy and vain, and would rather lose his friend—nay, his king—than his jest. He turned all serious matters into ridicule, and 'twas he that fetched that French lady over"—namely, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

As to Lauderdale, Lord Ailesbury avenges the Covenanters on his memory. Like Claverhouse, in "Old Mortality," he recalls Lauderdale's part in the rebellion. Lauderdale "was as disagreeable in his conversation as was his person; his head was towards that of a Saracen, fiery face, and his tongue too big for his mouth, and his pronunciation high Scots—no Highlander like him; uttering bald jests for wit, and repeating good ones of others, and ever spoiled them in relating them, which delighted the good king much. . . . He was continually putting his fingers into the king's snuff-box, which obliged him to order one to be made which he wore with a string on his wrist, and did not open, but the snuff came out by shaking." The trick which the king played on Lauderdale with a double sillabub-glass was too coarse to be repeated here. Lauderdale "was most pernicious to the king and kingdoms, and to his native country in a most especial manner. . . . At last, by the arbitrary conduct of those that had the management of affairs in that unhappy country, a small and short rebellion broke out, but it was soon quashed, they being totally routed and dispersed at Bothwell Bridge." As for Ashley, he, with Monmouth, had approached Lord Ailesbury's father with treasonable proposals, as early as twelve years before Charles's death.

Lord Ailesbury thinks that, just before Charles died, his affairs were prosperous. "I will have no more Parliaments," he said; "for, God be praised, my affairs are in so good a posture that I have no occa-



sion to ask for supplies. . . . A king of England that is not a slave to five hundred kings, is great enough." "His heart was set to live at ease, and that his subjects might live under their own vine and fig-tree." "I will have by me a hundred thousand guineas in my strong-box," the king used to say; and Lord Ailesbury heard that "there was found there at his death about sixty thousand pounds." Concerning this Burnet says, "He left behind him about ninety thousand guineas, which he had gathered either out of the privy purse, or out of the money which was sent him from France, or by other methods, and which he had kept so secretly that no person whatsoever knew anything of it." Lord Ailesbury shows that the king made no secret of the matter.

Lord Ailesbury, as he admits, rambles a good deal. He strays into the Popish Plot, and tells how the Countess of Shaftesbury "had always in her muff little pocket-pistols loaden, to defend her from the Papists, being instructed by her lord and master; and most timorous ladies followed her fashion"—a very dangerous fashion. As for the Popish Plot, "the good king that had a penetrating judgment never believed one word of all their plot, but dissembled it, and some think too much; but when that audacious villain, Oates, would have brought the queen into their plot, that roused the king out of a sort of state lethargy." Lord Ailesbury thinks that the inventors of the plot probably murdered Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey themselves. Of the new Privy Council of 1679, Charles said to Lord Ailesbury, "God's fish! they have put a set of men about me, but they shall know nothing; and this keep to yourself." "Our most solitary sovereign" was thus left among persons nearly as hostile to himself as to his brother, later James II. But he, who "knew men to a hair," said, "Give them but rope enough and they will hang themselves." When the king dissolved at Oxford the Parliament, which was set on excluding James from the succession, Lord Ailesbury saw "the dreadful faces of the members, and heard their loud sighs." As for Charles, while putting off his robes, he touched Lord Ailesbury on the shoulder, saying, "with a most pleasing and cheerful countenance, 'I am now a better man than you were a quarter of an hour since; you had better have one king than five hundred.'" "Tis my opinion," adds Lord Ailesbury, "that the nation is ever safe when the counties, cities, etc., are represented by men of substance, and

natives of the county from which they come; and never safe when 'tis otherwise," as in our happy age of wandering "carpet-baggers." Even in his own day, country gentlemen were ousted by "purse-proud Cockneys."

Lord Ailesbury now roams into Monmouth's affairs, beginning at his intrigue with Lady Henrietta Wentworth. "The poor duke alleged a pretext, very airy and absurd, that he was married so very young that he did not know what he was doing, and that my poor Lady Henrietta Wentworth he regarded as his wife before God; and she was as visionary as he was.\* I respect her memory so, that I am sorry I cannot justify these unheard-of steps, but on the contrary." In fact, Lord Ailesbury had once been in love, it seems, with Lady Henrietta, but his father opposed the marriage, and "the lover sighed, the son obeyed," as in Gibbon's case. "This unfortunate lady I cannot forget," he adds pathetically. Monmouth was in hiding for his share in the Whig plot at Lady Wentworth's, and Lord Ailesbury, when hunting near Toddington, chanced to pursue a stag into her ladyship's park. The stag swam the ponds. "I was accidentally thrown out, and, in a lane beyond the park, I saw a tall man in a country habit, opening a gate for me. I took no notice, but, casting my eye, perceived it was the Duke of Monmouth, who was so indiscreetly mingled with the crowd at the death of the stag very soon after." Lord Ailesbury, to keep his father from seeing the duke, whom he must, in duty, have arrested, detained his parent with a flood of talk, "that he might not look about, inasmuch that he told me I had taken a large morning's draught." It is a curious and dramatic scene. The child of Charles, accused of conspiracy against his father, lurking in the house of his mistress's mother, is attracted into the park by the music of the hounds, and there recognized, and is saved by the very man who had wished to marry the lady with whom Monmouth was living in sin—the lady whom the narrator, though so happy in his married life, "can never forget," not after all these many years.

Monmouth easily made his peace with Charles. He was conveyed into the rooms of his old governess, Mrs. Croft, at Whitehall. There he "prostrated himself at the king's feet, and melted his tender heart." He was to prostrate himself at

\* "While a child he had been married to another child."—Macaulay.



another king's feet in vain, and to sue for "grace at a graceless face;" yet Lord Ailesbury says that James "pardoned, if one may term it so, to a vice." As the duke left Charles, after gaining his pardon, he was seen by Colonel Griffin, who ran to the king with the news. "The duke was in court, and if guards were sent they might easily take him." The king answered, with a disdainful look, "You are a fool; James is at Brussels." "After that officiousness he could never bear the sight of him." Charles was grateful to Lord Ailesbury for having kept Monmouth's hiding-place secret. Monmouth had signed a confession, and had acknowledged the validity of the evidence against Lord Russel. His partisans, denying that he had ever signed this document, compelled him to try to recover it. He was so importunate that the king, with great warmth, bade Lord Halifax give back the paper, "and bid him go to —." This is authentic, and of my certain knowledge." It was thus that Monmouth "gave new offence," as Macaulay puts it, to a king who, says Lord Ailesbury, "was never known to be in such a passion." Monmouth did not go so far as the royal and paternal irritation had indicated. Accompanied by Lady Henrietta, he betook himself to Brussels. Lord Ailesbury, for his conduct in the affair, was made gentleman of the bedchamber.

"We breathed nothing but peace and happiness," he says, "till Monday, Jan. 26, 1684. In that week the king had blistered his heel, and could not take his usual exercise in St. James's Park or Arlington Garden. On Sunday he was unusually well, and made a hearty supper, eating one or two goose-eggs, "very hard of digestion." Burnet says "he ate little all day." He went on to the Duchess of Portsmouth's, though he was wearying of her. There Lord Ailesbury found him "in most charming humor." As Lord Ailesbury, on his return, lighted him to his bedroom door, the candle went out, though there was no draught. The page shook a superstitious head at this omen. Charles then withdrew to a private room, where Lord Ailesbury, Henry Killigrew, and he were very merry. The king invited Ailesbury to Winchester, where, he said, "I shall be so happy this week as to have my house covered with lead." "And God knows the Saturday following he was put into his coffin." Here follows Lord Ailesbury's narrative of the king's final illness. Already he had suffered two slight shocks of apoplexy.

The king always lying in his own bedchamber, we had a bed placed each night to be near him; and when the page of the back stairs lighted us from the room where we undressed, on his retiring we shut up the door on the inside with a brass knob, and so went to bed. Several circumstances made the lodging very uneasy—the great grate being filled with Scotch coal that burnt all night, a dozen dogs that came to our bed, and several pendulums that struck at the half-quarter, and all not going alike; it was a continual chiming. The king being constantly used to it, it was habitual. I, sleeping but indifferently, perceived that the king turned himself sometimes, not usual for him; he always called in the morning of himself; I heard his voice, but discovered not any imperfection. We had the liberty to go to his bedside in the morning before anybody came in, and might entertain him with discourse at pleasure, and ask of him anything. Unfortunately a certain modesty possessed me, and besides we had his ear whenever we pleased. So I arose, and turned back the brass knob, and the under ones came in to make the fire, and I retired to dress myself in our room.

Passing by in the next room to the bed-chamber, I found there the physicians and surgeons that attended to visit his heel. Mr. Robert Howard, a groom of the bed-chamber, came to me and asked me how the king had slept, and if quietly? I told him that he had turned sometimes. "Lord!" said he, "that is an ill mark, and contrary to his custom;" and then told me that at rising he could not, or would not, say one word, that he was as pale as ashes, and gone to his private closet. On which I came away presently, and sent in Mr. Chiffins, the first page of the back stairs and keeper of his closet, for to beg him to come to his chamber, for a more bitter morning I never felt, and he only in his night-gown. Mr. Chiffins telling me he minded not what he said, I sent him in again (for no other had that liberty), on which he came out pale and wan, and had not the liberty of his tongue, for the Earl of Craven, colonel of the foot-guards, being there to take the word, he showed him the paper where the days of the month were set down with the word; and others spoke to him, but he answered nothing. It being shaving day, his barber told him all was ready. He always sat with his knees against the window, and the barber having fixed the linen on one side, went behind the chair to do the same on the other, and I, standing close to the chair, he fell into my arms in the most violent fit of apoplexy. Dr. King, that had been a surgeon, happened to be in the room of his own accord, the rest having retired before. I asked him if he had any lancets, and he replying he had, I ordered him to bleed the king without delay, which he did; and perceiving the blood, I went to fetch the Duke of York, who came so on the instant, that he had one shoe and one slipper. At my return with the duke, the king was in bed,

and in a pretty good state, and going on the contrary side where the duke was. he perceiving me, took me fast by the hand, saying, "I see you love me dying as well as living," and thanked me heartily for the orders I gave Dr. King (who was knighted for that service) to bleed him, as also for sending Mr. Chiffins to persuade him to come out of his closet; and then told me that he found himself not well, and that he went to take some of his drops, commonly called the "King's Drops," and that he walked about hoping to be better, but on my solicitations he came down, for there were three or four steps coming out of the closet, and he said that coming down his head turned round, and he was in danger of falling. I have been so prolix in this account, by reason that it hath been so maliciously and with that maligne industry spread about, that the king had been poisoned; and those inventing devils would have brought me into the knowledge of it; and on the Monday the king was seemingly recovered by that bleeding. The whole town and city sung my praises for being the sole instrument by the orders I gave Dr. King, so little must one regard what they call the cry of the people. The queen came forthwith to the king, and her concern and deportment was beyond what I can describe. He continued so well on Tuesday, the next day, that the messengers were sent into every county for to carry the happy news; but God knows the joy was not lasting, for on Wednesday in the evening he fell into a cold sweat, and the physicians declared he was in imminent danger.

In this account Ailesbury says, "The queen came forthwith to the king." In his letter in the *European Magazine* (xxvii. 22) he writes: "My good king and master falling upon me in his fit, I ordered him to be blooded, and then I went to fetch the Duke of York. When we came to the bedside, we found the queen there; and the impostor [Burnet] says it was the Duchess of Portsmouth." But Burnet is not speaking of the same day, the first of the king's fatal illness, so there is no real contradiction. Burnet, of course, leans to the childish theory of poison.

On Thursday, Bishop Ken, who had "a voice like a nightingale for the sweetness of it," was sent to bid the king hear the bishops address him on his imminent peril. He put them off with grace and good-humor. About 10 P.M. on Friday, the Duke of York brought in Father Hudleston by a private stair. This was he who helped to hide the king at Boscobel, and who was exempted from decrees of banishment against Catholic priests. The king cried, "'You that saved my body is now come to save my soul.' This is literally true as a Christian." In Macaulay

the remark is attributed to the Duke of York. "The king made a general confession, with a most hearty, true, and sincere repentance, weeping and bewailing his sins, and he received what is called all the rites of the Church, and like a true and hearty penitent, and just at high water and full moon at noon, he expired; . . . and to this hour I bewail my loss and that of the three kingdoms. God's will be done on earth as in heaven!"\*

There is no doubt that Lord Ailesbury was sincerely attached to Charles. His sketch of his character is apologetic. The king, from his disturbed youth, had no opportunity to study books. From the age of ten he was never "well settled nor his mind at ease. His natural parts were excellent; his marriage was his great misfortune." "The Holy Scriptures he had read, and reasoned most well on them, but always lamented that common and ignorant persons were allowed to read them, and that this liberty was the rise of all our sects, each interpreting according to their vile notions, and to accomplish their horrible wickednesses." From a private gallery, in chapel, the king used to watch the maids of honor "laugh outright to hear the chaplain-in-waiting read some chapters of St. Paul's epistles relating to marriage and constancy, and I was eye-witness." "No prince was ever so diverting and amusing as the king. . . . He could not say a hard word to any one," a grace also attributed by Lord Ailesbury to Marlborough. Once, on a bowling-green, Charles described to his courtiers the character of "trimmers." "Did you ever see such guilty and hanging faces as they made while I was drawing their pictures?" he said to Lord Ailesbury. "He was a great master of kingcraft, and I wish to God that his royal father and brother had been endowed with the same talent." He never believed in Oates, and signed death-warrants of the innocent "with tears." He was "the best king that ever reigned over us," cries Lord Ailesbury. He was "lecherous and treacherous," as the Covenanters truly said, but—he was good-natured and witty, and a pleasant companion, in these matters a great contrast to his glum successor.†

\* James's version of what occurred at Charles's death is given in two volumes of Stuart papers, chiefly letters from the queen, published two years ago by the Roxburghe Club. Ailesbury was not present in the bed-chamber.

† Lord Ailesbury declares that the king never repeated his stories. "In reciting, he was never known to relate the same thing." Burnet says all who knew him were wearied by his old stories, and "whica he

Lord Ailesbury had no great reason to love James, for Rochester at once ousted him from his place at court. Nevertheless he used his influence to return Tory members, and was well received therefore by the king. His character of James lays stress on the king's affection for the navy. "Our fleet is our bulwark," the king said, "and therefore every true Englishman ought to wish the prosperity of it." He applauds James's confidence in "my good and ancient friend, Mr. Samuel Pepys, and England never produced such another in his station." Readers of Macaulay will scarcely believe that "the king had a true English spirit, and looked on the French ambassador, M. Barillon, very coldly. . . . He had not the least influence." Barillon's own memoirs hardly corroborate this bold statement. What pleased Lord Ailesbury most was James's dislike of the land-tax later imposed by William of Orange. "'Lay it on luxury,' the king said, 'as chocolate, tea, coffee, and ' (with warmth) 'as wine' (for he was a most sober prince). 'Who obliges people to make themselves drunk? But, if they will drink, let them pay for it!'" For his part, Ailesbury called the Tories together, before Parliament met, at the Fountain Tavern, and there announced the king's wishes, and proposed Sir John Trevor as speaker. In the House, to relieve the West India trade from heavy taxes, he proposed a tax on *new* ground-rents in London. Macaulay denounces this idea as "aristocratic," but who can defend the prodigious "spreading of the hideous town," which the tax was intended to check. The king was prepossessed against Lord Ailesbury, and treated him rudely — "on which I told one, and, God forgive me, with an oath, that it was too much." Ailesbury retired to his lands, and did not return to court till he was "in a manner sent for."

He now passes to Monmouth's landing. Ailesbury was sent from the Commons to the Lords, to pray them to sit while a bill of attainder against Monmouth was passed. He left the House to avoid carrying the bill to the Lords, — "I loving the duke so much as my king's natural son, but not as my own king and sovereign." Ailesbury, in dudgeon with James, and in grief for his own son's death, stayed inactive in the country, while an army against Monmouth was being raised. The king, however, was won over, and made his father lord

chamberlain. He also apologized to Ailesbury for his rudeness, admitting that he had been prejudiced against him by false tales. From his private affairs Ailesbury turns again to Monmouth's fortunes. He had lived at Brussels "with that unfortunate lady whom I lament to this hour," and had told the Marquis of Grana that she was his wife. The marquis, then governor of the Low Countries, sent his daughter to visit Lady Henrietta. Afterwards, learning that Monmouth had lied, he took the duke by the button, and said, "My lord, you have deceived me, and whenever I am recalled from this station, I will cut your throat, or you shall mine." Monmouth was at a ball on the night of his father's death. In all respects he caused scandals, which did not distress the conscience of William of Orange, to whom he divulged all his plans, "agreeable to his very weak head." William promptly sent Bentinck with the news to James, — "not out of affection, but to have the duke sacrificed, who was his rival, and personally much more beloved in the nation generally." The story of the conference between William and Monmouth was told to Ailesbury by "a page, who attended without." The evidence is not particularly excellent. Another story Lord Ailesbury tells on Ferguson's evidence. Before Monmouth landed at Lyme, he informed Ferguson that he had already promised the place of prime minister "to the same person who then was at court dignified with the same employment" — that is, Sunderland! Lord Ailesbury's story of Sunderland's complicity in Monmouth's plot, though told only on Ferguson's evidence, agrees with the very remarkable anecdote in Singers's "Clarendon Correspondence" (i. 144). Monmouth, when in the Tower, gave Colonel Scott a letter for James. In this letter he probably denounced Sunderland as his accomplice. Colonel Scott took it to court, where Sunderland informed him that he could not see the king, who was in his shirt, but that he, Sunderland, would leave the bedroom door open, and give the letter into the king's hands. At St. Germain, after the Revolution, James told Colonel Scott that "as I am a living man, I never saw that letter."

If we can accept Lord Ailesbury's theory, Sunderland was at once responsible for Monmouth's rebellion and for James's refusal to pardon Monmouth. Sunderland gave the Jacobites good cause to hate him, and to invent legends against him. Yet he was emphatically *capable de tout*, and

entered on them, they usually withdrew." Perhaps he had not exhausted his collection in Lord Ailesbury's presence.

the anecdotes of Ferguson and of Colonel Scott bear each other out, as far as they go.

Lord Ailesbury seemed fated to meet Monmouth in strange circumstances. He landed at the same moment as Monmouth was taken to the privy stairs at Whitehall. "I saw him led up the other stairs on the Westminster side, lean and pale, and with a disconsolate physiognomy, with soldiers with pistols in their hands. The yeomen of the guard were posted, and I got behind one of them that he should not perceive me, and I wished heartily and often since that I had not seen him, for I could never get him out of my mind for years, I so loved him personally."

Monmouth wept at James's feet, "inso-much that the king's heart was melted; and had it not been for the minister, who certainly had been tossed over in the room of the duke, he had been pardoned. . . . The minister finding the king's heart melted, he told his Majesty he ought not to converse with traitors."

Monmouth, at the last, maintained that Lady Henrietta was his wife before heaven. He sent to her a small parcel by the Bishop of Ely. The poor lady swooned, and recovering, exclaimed, "Good God! had that poor man nothing to think of but of me?" "And what was in the paper was a charm; he was so weak as to have many found about him."

Concerning the cruelties in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, Lord Ailesbury speaks with natural indignation. Kirke, he says, died the death of Herod, "eaten up alive by vermin." As for Jeffreys, "the king protested to me that he abhorred what had passed in that commission." But he did nothing to prevent it, and Ailesbury, knowing his temper, dared not offer the advice that was "on the tip of his tongue."

In October, 1685, Lord Ailesbury's father died. His last words were: "Dear son, you will see melancholy days. God be thanked, I shall not." The days sensibly darkened when James met his Parliament with the announcement that he wanted a standing army, and that he had appointed some eighty Catholic officers, who refused the tests. Lord Ailesbury attributes this illegal action, and this most impolitic speech, which at once turned a subversive into a hostile Parliament, to Sunderland. After the Revolution, Sir John Cochrane asked Sunderland why he had given such evil advice? "He replied, with a sneer, that but for those counsels the Prince of Orange had never landed

and succeeded." "On which," says Lord Ailesbury, "Sir John told me that he was struck dumb with abhorrence." Macaulay remarks that this view of Sunderland's policy "rests on no evidence whatever." His reply to Cochrane, if Macaulay is right, was probably a mere piece of cynicism. Lord Ailesbury also mentions the well-known scandal about Sunderland's intrigues with William of Orange, through Lady Sunderland and her lover, Henry Sydney. Whether James acted "agreeable to his very weak head," or in obedience to Sunderland, his speech staggered the loyal and landed Catholics. Old Lord Bellasis said to Ailesbury, "My dear lord, who could be the framer of this speech? I date my ruin and that of all my persuasion from this day."\* The Commons sent an address of remonstrance to the king, who replied, "What I have done I will stand by." Lord Ailesbury carried the sword on this occasion, and he writes: "I was so struck that, the sword being heavy, I could scarce keep it up." As every one knows, the Parliament was prorogued, then dissolved, "and we had no more during the king's being in the kingdom."

As for James's later follies and misdeeds, his claim of power to dispense with laws, his filling ecclesiastical and military posts with Catholics, Lord Ailesbury puts all down to Sunderland and the Jesuit Petre. The king he calls "the most honest and sincere man that I ever knew," but admits his lack of kingcraft, his amorosness, and his indisposition for "the genteel part of love-making." Lord Ailesbury sees, as the respectable Catholics saw, the violence and perfidy of James's policy. But he shuts his eyes to this, as well as he may, and makes Sunderland the king's whipping-boy. The queen tried to convert Lord Ailesbury, who gratefully and respectfully declined. "God be praised, during the whole course of my life I never did one action but according to a principle of conscience." "In wretched hands that good and well-meaning king was, and so they brought him to his ruin," is, on the whole, the burden of Lord Ailesbury's meditations. As for the king's new president of Magdalene, Farmer, "he was dead drunk at Banbury when the news came there of his being nominated president of that noble college." "I humbly (bending on my knee) besought the king not to touch the freehold of the clergy, for that priests of all religions were the same

\* Compare Macaulay, ii. 47.

as to matters of interest, and if you pinch them they will return it fourfold — as was found in the sequel. Sir, if you will have a Romish college, found one, although it will be against the laws, rather than take the bread out of the mouths of the others in possession." Ailesbury himself offered £1,000 towards such a new foundation, "but to my grief I found my representations to little purpose. And now to come to the finishing stroke. The bishops must be the victims." James's illegal proclamation "was infused into him" by Sunderland and Petre. The same excuse covers the famous "Three Questions" which Lord Ailesbury placed before the gentry of his county, without disguising his disapprobation.

The insolences and iniquities of James might have been endured, in the expectation that he would be succeeded by a Protestant queen. But his son was born, and the country had made up its mind that the birth would be a Jesuit farce, — that a child would be imposed on them. "None but rogues invented that calumny, and fools came into that vile and calumnious belief," says Lord Ailesbury. Still, rogues and fools poll a very heavy vote. "From the month of November until few days before the delivery," says Lord Ailesbury, "I had the honor to play at cards with the queen every night; . . . and for her physiognomy I defy any one to counterfeit it." The princess Anne was absent at Bath when the child was born. James was said to have sent her there to keep her out of the way. Lord Ailesbury maintains that she really left London and went to Bath on the advice of Lady Churchill and Lady Fitzhardinge, "that she might not be an eye-witness of the birth of her brother," and they circulated a false tale that she was urged to go thither by the king.

Disgusted by the course of affairs, Ailesbury went to resign his commission as lord lieutenant. The king, however, under oath of secrecy, told Ailesbury of the great preparations being made against him in Holland, and asked if he would desert him in such a peril. The loyal Ailesbury, kneeling, swore he would die for the king, and, of course, retained his commission. What other course was open to a man of honor? He never regretted that moment, for, had he resigned, he would have been suspected of complicity with the Dutch party. "I could not change my king as one does a suit of clothes." The Duke of Ormond, indeed, sent for Ailesbury, and was on the point of asking him to join "the Orange party,"

but was dissuaded, almost in the act of speaking, by Mr. Maule.

The Dutch expedition was equipped, the French king offered that aid which James was foolish enough to refuse. And why did he refuse that which his son and his grandson so often prayed for in vain? Sunderland, as usual, "was in the bottom of this: it was by his treacherous advice that the offered aid of Louis was declined." This Lord Ailesbury gives on the authority of Mr. Skelton or Skelton — that is, Colonel Skelton, James's agent at the Hague; he adds that Sunderland was disgraced because the king had discovered his villany. Meanwhile the storm grew blacker, and James did nothing practical. Ailesbury and Feversham, on their knees, implored him to "clap up seven or eight of the heads of the conspirators" — the Prince of Denmark, Ormond, Grafton, Lord Churchill, Kirke, and others. "But it was found, and fatally, that the king could not resolve." At last he set out for Salisbury. Here a very sad circumstance occurred. *He did not take Lord Ailesbury in the royal coach!* Our hero was ousted by Peterborough. Lord Ailesbury displayed a fine spirit, and when he arrived in Salisbury the day after the king, was embraced by all the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, "for my firmity in the support of our undoubted privilege." Here, indeed, is ancient loyalty. This gentleman, though deprived of a seat in the royal coach, never dreamed of going over to William. He should have been made groom of the posset. Less honorable was Churchill. The royal nose chanced to bleed freely on the day when Ailesbury joined him. The doctor put a cold key down the back of his Majesty's neck, and forbade him to lead his army to Warminster next day, when "it was designed by a general that afterwards made much noise in the world for to have delivered him up to the Prince of Orange. . . . All this is on my own certain knowledge." Next day Churchill and Grafton went over to the Dutch. The king returned to London. Peterborough went in his coach and Lord Ailesbury got wet. But he never deserted his sovereign. At Andover the Prince of Denmark and Ormond forsook him. Then Anne, with Lady Churchill and Lady Hardinge, rushed off, and

Left a man undone,  
To his fate,

as Burns advises. The king dallied in town for a fortnight, and then sent the queen with her child to France, on a Sun-



day, at midnight. On Monday Mr. Charles Bertie came, and offered to raise three or four thousand horsemen that would strike for the king. Ailesbury, who carried Bertie's proposal to James, had heard that the king meditated flight. James declared that it was "a coffee-house report." Ailesbury replied that he knew the king was to ride Bay Ailesbury; that his equerry, page, and Dick Smith, his groom, were ready. Then the king equivocated, and Ailesbury actually reproached him with that business of the coach. He then implored James to mount and march, with four thousand faithful troops, to Nottingham, where Anne was. If not, march to York, seize Berwick, and secure Scotland, where Claverhouse would have been at his side. Later, Danby, who was lying at York with a rough levy of Orangeists, asked Ailesbury in later years "what the devil he had meant by this advice?" "To knock you on the head in the first place, if you had resisted. And what course would you have taken?" "What course! to submit ourselves and crave pardon."

Ailesbury's advice was spirited, Charles Edward would not have needed it. But James fled like a thief in the night. He might have fought, and might have fallen by the side of Dundee, but he ran away. There was a meeting at the Guildhall. Even Ailesbury signed a request to William to advance. The king had left no regency. Then came the Irish alarm. Next day it was known that James had been stopped at Feversham. There was silence in the Council for a quarter of an hour when this news arrived. Then Ailesbury moved that the king should be invited to return. With this message Ailesbury, in advance of Middleton, Yarmouth, and Feversham, rode through excited but not ill-humored mobs to Feversham. He found the wretched king, "his hat on and his beard much grown." The king received him with displeasure; he averred that James, by his flight, might have caused London to be in a blaze. James was surrounded by a mob, he was dirty and unkempt, his life was probably in great hazard. Many who were loyal to his person arrived, with Feversham's cavalry. Near the town of Feversham the Horse Guards received him with enthusiasm, "the tears for joy running down their faces"—a few of the men who would have followed the king to the North. As he approached London, James was received in a kind of triumph. "The joy was great and general." Next day the

Dutch guards arrived in town. At midnight Count Solmes came from William to the king, and told him he was posting Dutch soldiers in all places of importance. The king offered to retire to Rochester. Ailesbury was driven thither by the king's coachman, who exclaimed, "God damn Father Petre! But for him we had not been here." On the night of December 21, 1688, the king sent for Ailesbury, informed him that he was about to fly, and bade his loyal servant go to the Prince of Orange. "If I do not retire I shall certainly be sent to the Tower, and no king ever went out of that place but to his grave. . . . Can you advise me to stay?" Ailesbury declined to offer an opinion. James sneaked off through the back garden, where he took ship, and Ailesbury went to St. James's, where he waited on William. "He received me most courteously, and I knew after that he esteemed me in his heart, and as little those that had deserted their royal master." He dined with William, and called twice on Bentinck, but was not received. Ailesbury sent Bentinck a message that, "by God, it was for the last time, and we never spoke after; a grave bow might pass from one to the other, but that was all."

If ever a king abdicated and deserted, that king was James. But in the House of Lords, Ailesbury openly maintained the opposite, quoting what the king had said about his fear of being sent to the Tower and to his grave. Ailesbury took the oaths, as a mere "garrison oath" and provisionally. He had no scruples at all about this. The oath was purely provisional. In old age Lord Ailesbury, an exile, refused to take the oaths to George I., whom he knew and had entertained at Brussels. There might yet be a Stuart restoration, though he deemed it next to impossible, and, once sworn to the Hanoverian monarch, Ailesbury could not have served a Stuart. Such was his view of this question of conscience. Can we call it dishonorable? The oath was framed by the Bishop of Peterborough, who, presenting the form to Lord Nottingham, said, "I regard it as like a plate of cucumbers, dressed with oil and vinegar, yet fit for nothing but to throw out of the window."\* The bishop would not take the oath. Ailesbury swallowed that cucumber. "The prince being proclaimed king

\* "And when she's dressed cut in her best,  
All tempting, fine, and gay,  
As men should serve a cucumber,  
She throws herself away."

*Beggar's Opera.*



(although I did in Parliament do all that lay in my power to obstruct it), he was to protect the kingdom, and those that desired some protection ought to take the oaths."

Of what passed in Scotland Ailesbury says little. The message which James sent from Ireland to the Convention "was very far from being gracious or sweet, and to cut his own throat (the expression is a little harsh) he could find out nobody to countersign but my Lord Melford, a person abominated in that kingdom." He merely mentions the valor of Dundee. He carried the sword before William at his coronation. "Did you not wish it in his body," said Lady Dorchester. Ailesbury was very angry. "I hold it a most damnable sin even to hope it," much more, of course, to be accomplice to William's assassination. In later years the lady quarrelled with Ailesbury, and said that he "had wished the sword in the guts of William." Her ladyship also swore a good deal, but apparently she carried her lie to William, who, from being gracious to Ailesbury, turned to "a personal hatred."

In 1690 a warrant was issued against Ailesbury, on general suspicion. He offered to surrender on bail; the queen aided him, he was bailed, and was asked to play basset by this kind lady. Two days before any one might have arrested him in the street, and now he was at cards with the queen! He praises her "great judgment and compassion." He defends James's conduct at the Boyne, maintaining that no prince need stay when his army runs. In a sea-fight, his captain's brains had been blown into James's face, which he wiped calmly, saying, "He was a brave and honest man, and I pity his wife and children, for he had a numerous family." But the Boyne was not James's day. No man is brave at all hours, perhaps, as no man is wise. The king had lost his nerve, probably from age and sorrow. From evidence given by Pepys, it is certain that he had once been valiant, and always most cool when in greatest peril.

Ailesbury, after the Boyne, "had a hard game to play, surrounded by eager, brainless Jacobites, hot heads, and empty as their purses were, . . . pleased with their projects as children are with rattles and whistles." He himself believed in no restoration without a strong fleet and a sudden surprise. Already, the Jacobites had split into Melfordians and Middletonians, already they were fighting for places to be given when James returned.

Ailesbury's own plan was *never to write*. He had not to burn a single paper before he was, in a later year, sent to the Tower. He approached Louvois in his king's interest, and successfully, but Louvois died, and nothing was done. Of the intended invasion of 1691 Ailesbury knew nothing, "having made it my request not to be gratified with secrets of this nature, and I knew but too well the babbling spirit of the greater part of the Jacobites, and, which was worse, if possible, their envious temper." A cousin of his own, a son of Lord Delamere, had revealed the plot of the drunken dullard, Lord Preston—"very ungentlemanlike," says Lord Ailesbury. He was determined not to commit himself to a similar chance.\* Therefore, while he had no official knowledge of the intended invasion, he had made himself acquainted with it. A warrant, as he believed, was out against him, but he sent his wife to warn the Princess Anne, and advise her to be ready to meet her father when he landed. He had arranged a guard for her safety and taken all precautions. "Well, madame," said Anne, "tell your lord that I am ready to do what he can advise me to." Ailesbury, in doubt if he were to be arrested or not, went home, and "always had his nose in the air," watching the weather-cocks for a good Jacobite wind. It came, he hurried to town, only to hear the bells ring for the defeat of La Hogue, and the ruin of his master's hopes. Anne, too, was disappointed, and showed "a melancholy face." Long afterwards Ailesbury learned that Queen Mary had secured his freedom from arrest. "Her humanity was without example."

Speaking of the queen, and of Richard Steele's poem on her funeral, Ailesbury irreverently calls our friend Dick "a two-penny poet, whose head was as empty of religion as his pockets of money." The Christian Hero is thus mournfully misjudged.

Omitting some trifling matters, and Sunderland's endeavor to win over Ailesbury, we reach our hero's conference with Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval. Together with Admiral Killigrew, they plotted to carry the fleet over to James, or, rather, to keep it out of the path of the French fleet, and they did not mean to let the life of Sir Cloudesley Shovel stand in the way. "If he would not consent, they knew what to do in that case." The leading admiral was to sail off to a station two hundred

\* For Preston's conspiracy, see Macaulay, iii. 764.

leagues away, and then was to open his instructions, and "to lose time so as to give the French time to land King James out of the cannon of Portsmouth." Ailesbury then went to France to arrange that side of the plot. He lurked at Farmer Hunt's, near Romney. There our conspirator lay ten nights, "forced to do what God knows poor people practise but too often — to sleep much, not to think of an empty belly. . . . Once he gave me a cat instead of a rabbit," yet Farmer Hunt's charges were exorbitant. At last Ailesbury crossed the Channel in an "owler" or smuggling vessel. After innumerable discomforts, and a narrow escape from drowning, he reached St. Germain, and saw Melford, whom he so disliked. He was secretly conveyed in a sedan to court, where Madame Macdonald, a silly intriguer, stared hard at him. "That night she was brought to bed, and I was heartily glad of it." The sedan was stopped at the stair by a load of wood, laid down on purpose to make Ailesbury come out and show himself, whereas privacy was necessary to his design. In the bedchamber the queen received him in a more gracious manner than James had at his command. "The queen putting on no red, I own I was struck when I first saw her, and she perceived it, and, with a sigh, said, 'Afflictions alter people fast.'" The king

bore his age well enough, being more phlegmatic, and taking his rest well, which to my knowledge he did the same when he was turned out of his kingdom. The king gave me soon a bitter pill to swallow, and down with it I must, or return to England as I came. I knew his temper but too well, and when once he had taken an impression, the best reasons could never shake him, and I had not the heart to do what certainly I had done if he had been reigning in England, that is, to quit my employments and return to my own home.

This "pill" was to see Middleton, who was intriguing with Sunderland, Ailesbury's pet aversion. He wished to see only James, Melford, the lady with whom he lodged, a Major Holmes, and the king of France, with Bontemps, keeper of the royal closet. However, he had to yield. He was introduced to the Prince of Wales (the "Old Pretender"), a child of eight — "a lovely creature." The courtiers asked the little boy who was with the king. The child only knew that the stranger was very tall, whereon one Lloyd "swore that it must be myself the prince had seen." Now Middleton, intending to restore James by aid of Sunderland, had no mind

that Ailesbury should succeed. Ailesbury received Middleton, who asked his advice on the king's new declaration in manuscript. "Advice, my lord!" said Ailesbury. "It hath been printed in London a fortnight since, and I doubt not but that the printer is hanged by this time, or will be soon." They then went to James, where Ailesbury very freely denounced a declaration made by a prince who had no means of acting on it. He would carry the declaration to the admirals, if Middleton would accompany him, and swear he had seen the king sign it. In brief, Middleton had as good as ruined the plot by prematurely publishing the declaration. The same day Ailesbury saw Louis XIV.; "his smiling and bowing graciously with his head were most affable, and, to say the truth, no king whatever came up to that pitch." Neither Louis nor Ailesbury needed a map of our coasts, as they discussed the plan. "I said it was imagined in England that his Majesty knew but too well our situation. On which he smiled, and with a gracious look, told me that I was no flatterer." The plan was simple. Delaval and Killigrew were to sail with the vague or pretended instructions. The French fleet was then to bring over James, with English, Scotch, and Irish forces in French pay. The English army would soon rally to the king. On the footing of a French conquest, Ailesbury plainly said that he could not deal with Louis, "if it was required of me." But Louis durst not venture his fleet. The admirals might play him false — might "come down on him with a west wind." So this comparatively hopeful plan was abandoned. Louis said of Ailesbury, "This lord is the first man of quality with a great estate that hath repaired to you, the first man that came about on affairs of the most high importance, and the first that never asked anything for himself." This royal and deserved compliment was all that Ailesbury gained by a perilous and distasteful expedition. He reached London in a high fever, was put to bed, and lay very sick for three weeks. "I resolved that I would enter no more into what might bring me to my end, and for nothing. . . . But when I thought to take my rest, I had then the most unquiet days. . . . After my return from France in 1693, I never entered into what they call an overt act, although I was sent to the Tower three years after, and for what, is hard to be guessed."

Burnet and Macaulay have misunderstood this expedition of Ailesbury's. It was prior to Charnock's visit to France,

and to the plot for an invasion by the Duke of Berwick. It was conducted without the privity of any but Delaval and his brother admiral. But Burnet makes it part of Charnock's Plot, and of Berwick's design, in which Lord Ailesbury had no share or lot. Burnet bases his charge on Sir John Fenwick's confession. Probably Fenwick, as we shall see, had an aversion to Ailesbury, and he was also in a confused state of mind. Ailesbury's own design was, at worst, the least un-English of all the conspiracies.

"The spring of all my misfortunes arose about June, 1695, occasioned by foolish complaisance; and when I thought of it after, and to the very moment I write this in April, 1729, I cannot forbear knocking my head." Indeed, Lord Ailesbury, though absolutely innocent, was implicated in Berwick's Plot, and the Assassination Plot of 1696. Berwick, as Macaulay says, was to arrange a Jacobite rising, to be followed by an invasion. The other plot, in which Charnock (James's vice-president of Magdalene) was concerned, aimed simply at murdering William. It is needless to say that Ailesbury would have listened to no such abominable proposal. As to Berwick's plan, Ailesbury had done his best, had shot his bolt, and was determined never again to move in the king's cause. Yet he was arrested, and, in Macaulay's history, his name goes down to all posterity as a partner in an iniquity of the basest dye. How, then, did this misfortune befall him? We must abridge as much as possible, though the main interest of the story is in the curious details.

Charnock, a convert to popery, a supporter of James's nominee at Magdalene, was a person of whom Ailesbury "could not endure the sight." His grandfather and father, however, had been friends of the Ailesbury family. In deep poverty, he thought of trying St. Germain's. Sir William Perkins (Parkyns) asked Ailesbury to introduce Charnock to Lord Powis's son, Lord Montgomery, that the introduction might help him at James's little court. The good-natured Ailesbury said, "Bring him to dinner, and I will invite Lord Montgomery." Perkins, who loved a bottle, proposed a tavern dinner. They had a very bad dinner indeed. Hither came Sir John Fenwick, Charnock, and Sir William Perkins, "who brought thither, unknown to me, that monster of a man, George Porter." "I was enraged to the last degree, and at table, with a miserable dinner, I scarce opened my

mouth." A silly Jacobite, Peter Cook, a scrupulous devotee, was placed next the mistress of the house—a woman named Mrs. Mountjoy, who had no reputation. This companionship of saint and sinner was their only mirth. Montgomery had made excuse, and did not come. Charnock prayed again for an introduction. They did dine together at another tavern. "As long as we"—Ailesbury and Montgomery—"stayed, there was none but ordinary discourse," the waiters coming and going. As they departed they met "Mr. Goodman, the player," on the stairs. They heard that the party lasted till four in the morning. Later, Porter and Goodman swore to a variety of lies about these entertainments, alleging that a plot had been laid for a rising and invasion, with Ailesbury's consent.\* Lord Ailesbury then went to various places, and chatted with Betterton, perhaps also with Mrs. Bracegirdle, at the theatre, then home to supper and bed. Lord Ailesbury sent Charnock on no commission to France, as Porter and Goodman swore later, and received no report from him. He only once saw Charnock again, and then only remarked that he was sorry Charnock had got no appointment at St. Germain's. Yet he was said to have sent Charnock with an offer to raise two thousand men, a plan which he regarded as absurd. Once, at Sir John Fenwick's, he laughed at the Jacobites for distributing appointments in the future. "Give me a place that requires no attendance at court, but that brings a great income, and all transacted by secretaries and clerks, as, for example, auditor of the exchequer." And Fenwick, two years later, confessed in the Tower that Ailesbury was to be auditor of the exchequer, a post really held by his cousin, Sir Robert Howard. Ailesbury learned from a friend that the Duke of Berwick had arrived to plan an invasion. He was also sent for by the deprived Bishop of Norwich on the same affair. He bade the bishop tell the king what befell Buckingham, who took arms for Richmond (Henry VII.) before Richmond was embarked. "My lord," said the bishop, "I have the very same thoughts as you." I concluded, "My lord, there is nothing to be done. Let us be quiet, and let God govern all." I verily believed that the Duke of Berwick was then in another room there."

And this was Ailesbury's real share in the Assassination Plot, "that barbarous

\* See Porter's evidence in the State Trials.

design of miserable wretches," and in the Invasion Plot. An invasion he now regarded as hopeless. As for the assassination, it was odious to him, and he tries to prove that it was odious to James. The evidence of Harris\* he denounces as false. Barclay (whom he calls Berkeley) was sent over from France to serve under Berwick. Finding that Berwick was gone, and the rising given up, Barclay's "weak head turned round." The instructions which James had given him as an officer under Berwick, in an open rising, he used to bring men into a newly invented assassination plot of his own. "By indirect ways I know for certain King James detested that plot, and Berkeley never after appeared before him, and by order." Harris is "a false witness," Porter "a miserable wretch," with whom Ailesbury had had some private dealings about an annuity. One King, who was executed for the Assassination Plot, sent his mother, a famous dressmaker, to tell Ailesbury that William had asked him, Perkins, and Friend, "what they knew of me?" "I obtained of a friend to let the king [William] know that, as a Christian, I must pardon, and that I did it really, but to forget it [the suspicion, that is] was impossible." He added that had he received even a hint of the design, he would have warned his Majesty—indirectly.

The plot having failed, Ailesbury received a hint to fly. He at once went and offered to surrender himself. Next day he was sent to the Tower, where his wife insisted on sharing his captivity. Sir John Fenwick was also imprisoned there. The witnesses against Ailesbury were the miscreant Porter, "Scum Goodman" the actor, and Farmer Hunt, who served up the cat as a rabbit. The intrigues of the period were many and complicated. Peterborough offered to stand by Fenwick and Ailesbury, if they would denounce Shrewsbury, Godolphin, Marlborough, and Admiral Russel. Ailesbury replied, "No person of honor and in his right senses can expect from me an answer to a proposition so ridiculous and preposterous."† Fenwick, who would have acceded, now refused to nod to Ailesbury out of his prison window. To the Duke of Devonshire, Ailesbury's private enemy, Fenwick confessed "some truths, some falsehoods, and many things by hearsay." Ailesbury now refused to help Goodman, the witness

against him, to escape. "I had rather stand my trial and be acquitted honorably, than to consent to the escape of a witness." As is well known, Lady Mary Fenwick did pay Goodman £600 to escape, and she charged Lord Ailesbury with a third of the money. "I, and none that belonged to me, ever knew anything of this until after Goodman was gone, and that demand of my payment was made, but utterly refused." Macaulay writes (iv. 712): "Ailesbury well knew that if these men [Porter and Goodman] appeared against him, his head would be in serious danger. His friends and Fenwick's raised a sufficient sum," and Goodman disappeared. But we have Lord Ailesbury's word for it that his own friends and he were not concerned in the transaction. Lord Berkeley meant to testify against him, being jealous of his acquaintance with Mrs. Bracegirdle. That fair and brave lady called on Lord Berkeley, and said, "Give me leave to tell you that a peer of your rank will make a fine figure in the evidence-box with two such known villains, Porter and Goodman. This is all that I have the honor to say to you." "The greatest and most grateful return I can make to that generous person," says Ailesbury, "is by the clearing of the wrongful aspersions they laid on her on my account." Lady Ailesbury died on hearing the cannon that announced the passing of the bill of attainder against Fenwick.

And here we must close too long an article, leaving much of these memoirs yet unhandled. On February 12, 1697, Lord Ailesbury was released on bail among general rejoicings. On January 29, 1698, he left England forever, dreading a bill against all who had been in France, without leave, since 1688. "This famous Act passed, the Dutch would have it so, and, next to my estate, they thirsted after my blood." For Lord Ailesbury's recollections of life on the Continent and of Marlborough we have no space. The last message which the dying king sent to him was, "If I had taken his advice at the latter part of my being in my kingdoms, I had never rendered my soul to God my Creator in a foreign country."

We have left ourselves scant space for reflections on these memoirs and their author. He appears as a loyal and honest gentleman; too wise for his hopeless party. His character is cleared from complicity in a vile plot, and from the charge of causing a witness to abscond. As to taking the oaths to William, we have his own theory of the case—a queer casu-

\* See Macaulay, iv. 651-653.

† Macaulay's account does not tally with this, and it is possible that Ailesbury has made some confusion here.

try, certainly. The question remains, Why was Lord Ailesbury a Jacobite? "It is evident," he says, "how little I approved of many things my unfortunate king and master had done." Even more evident is his drunken contempt for his babbling, drunken, vain, and envious fellow-Jacobites. But, as to loyalty, "I drew it in with my mother's milk," he says more than once. He was loyal, as Falstaff was cowardly, "on instinct" — by sheer force of sentiment, of that sentiment which history can scarcely destroy, which yet wins our hearts, if not our heads, to the forlorn cause — the impossible, undesirable venture — the cause of the White Rose.

A. LANG.

From Belgravia.

PHIL.

# CHAPTER I.

OF course it was Phil. Who else could it be?

Lady Arabella stopped in the middle of a sentence, and stared before her with wild eyes and a haggard look.

And Phil — was there any one so coolly, provokingly self-possessed? What cared he?

He stood on the foot-path, in broad daylight, at the fashionable hour when Monkton took its airing, and waved with complacent hardihood to the old coachman to stop.

Lady Arabella did not care three halfpence for the opinion — good, bad, or indifferent — of Monkton. That was not why she looked haggard and wild about the eyes. It was the sight of Phil that did it; that — and the idea that he had returned after all.

Blanche, opposite, sent a flying thought after the beautiful new portmanteaux, and the pile of "lovely clothing" that had been young Phil's endowment. Truth to tell, he himself forced the thought into her mind, by reason of his appearance. Blanche had not a soul above externals; and oh! Phil *was* deplorable at that moment — desperately, heart-rendingly deplorable!

Constance, who sat on Lady Arabella's right, wondered what had happened. She had not seen anything.

She had the pleasure of feeling the carriage stop, however; and then, the further delight of hearing Lady Arabella's disgusted voice say in quick, sharp tones:—

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"For goodness' sake get in, Phil, and don't stand and stare at us like that!"

And as she was turning her head round in amazement, she had the further satisfaction of hearing Phil's unmistakable laugh, as he jumped in quickly.

"Yes, I'm back, mother dear, and jolly glad to get home, I can tell you! I'm in clover already to have met you so soon."

It *was* a delight to Constance, stifle the feeling as best she might, to see the tall, straight young fellow take his seat opposite. Wild, care-for-nothing, as folks said he was, she knew, and so did Lady Arabella, that there was a huge, weak spot in Phil's heart, and that was always occupied by his mother, his home, and — Constance. He brightened again at the sight of her now.

"You here, too, Con! Why, it's just heavenly to be at home, mother!"

"Do you call it home, to be riding behind the horses?" said Blanche, with a little sneer.

"Yes, my dear, I do," replied the mocking, good-humored voice of the prodigal. "And it's uncommonly like it to me, I can tell you. It's the lap of luxury; and when you've not been sitting in it for a bit, you get to know what it feels like when you get hold of it again."

"The colonies have not improved you," remarked Blanche, in disgust, tossing her little head with its wavy mass of soft brown hair.

Phil looked down gloomily.

"Perhaps not," he said gravely. "But," and he looked up with his old look of triumphant glee, "I have improved the colonies, I flatter myself."

"You — how?"

"By leaving them two splendid, new portmanteaux, one good hat-box with a brand-new 'Lincoln and Bennett' in it, and sundry articles of equally new and unworn wearing apparel." He laughed aloud. "My dear mother, you fitted me out as if for a — a — wedding;" he glanced slyly at Con, and had the satisfaction of seeing her redden. "But, I contrived to turn all the things to account. I found a young fellow who was really about to be married, and he took the whole stock off my hands at a valuation."

"My dear Phil!"

"Phil!"

Two voices chimed in concert over the delinquencies.

"Well, what was I to do? Would you have liked it if you had read this" — he drew his finger down on an imaginary page — "'Terrible sufferings and death



of a young man! Deceased was supposed to be the son of Lady Arabella Monkton of Monkton, County Blankshire, England, who arrived in this country a few weeks ago; and met his death in a miserable manner!"

"What nonsense!" broke in Blanche abruptly. "All who can work will find work in Australia."

"My dear Wise-acre, all who answer to that description are not compelled to desert their native land, where men are so much needed."

Miss Monkton's face crimsoned.

"You are always impertinent, Phil," she said angrily. "I don't think father will tolerate your presence at home."

"Dear old dad!" ejaculated the scapegrace with fervor, "and *how* is he?"

No one smiled, no one felt the necessity to do so.

Lady Arabella sighed.

Few people knew what a trouble life was to her; nor did they understand that it could be an almost daily prayer, "Save me from my friends."

Between Sir Edward and Phil—as between two stools—Lady Arabella was forever falling to the ground. And now the complications would be worse than ever!

No wonder Lady Arabella sighed.

Not so Phil.

Picking up one of Constance's hands which lay on the outside of the thick opossum rug, he held it in his with unblushing coolness.

"Nice little hands, Con!" he said approvingly. "Very neat, well-gloved, too. Like to see a woman neat and nice, and all that sort of thing. It's pretty in a woman—hateful in a man. Don't glower at me, Blanche. I know what I am saying."

"It's the first time in your life, then," she retorted sharply. "I wonder how you *can* encourage him, Con!"

"One must kill the fatted calf—somehow," murmured that young lady, with an odd, hysterical catch in her voice and a quick glance at Lady Arabella.

Blanche's head went up higher.

"There is no need to disturb one's self so far, I'm sure," she began, when Lady Arabella herself made an interruption.

"Phil," she said suddenly, "we must call at the tailor's, my boy, if your father is to be reconciled to your return. He will do it much more readily when he sees you dressed like a Christian than—as you are——"

"Somewhat like a heathen Chinese! That's philosophy, my dear mother; and if dad likes to pay the piper, and prefers to receive me smartly attired, I am certainly not the man to deny him such a simple pleasure. To the tailor's, by all means, let us go."

"And pick up any odd thing he may have," suggested his sister amiably.

"Yes, if you like; I am quite agreeable. I am a man of very simple tastes; very little pleases me. I say, mother, if you had only seen me out there—what a figure I cut! It was in the bush, and they thought me no end of a swell. Some day I'll dress up like it, and you can ask your friends to the show, Blanche. It will be a little treat for them, poor dears."

Blanche was very angry. A hot spot glowed in the middle of each cheek, and she was highly indignant.

"You appear very simple, Phil," she retorted, "but my own impression is, that you are just as bad as any one else."

"Thank you, Blanche dear. Just as bad! why, how grateful I am! I thought I was a great deal worse. Ah, well, we never see ourselves as others see us, do we?"

"Happily not," said Lady Arabella, awaking from her own reverie in time to hear the last sentence.

"Happily not!"

Her son looked at her with the sweetest of smiles.

"Dear old mother!" he said warmly, "I'm a terrible thorn, I know. Never mind, we grow to love our afflictions, don't we?"

Wild horses would not draw from Phil the confessions which he occasionally made unasked to Lady Arabella.

And now she leaned back in the carriage and smiled at him, although her heart was full of misgiving, and the certainty that sooner or later there was Sir Edward to be squared.

Lady Arabella was always squaring the circle. It is a difficult task.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE was a dinner at the Hall that evening. In the first blush of meeting Phil, Lady Arabella had forgotten all about it; but when she returned home it came back to her memory. The Clark-Winters were to dine with them, also the Stantons—rather smart, new people, with any amount of money, who had taken the Grange, and done it up in luxurious style. The old rector was coming—thank goodness!—and those young people, the new

doctor and his wife; Phil would get on with these. But the Clark-Winters — Lady Arabella shuddered.

Phil and she were sitting together in her morning-room after lunch. Lady Arabella looked absurdly young to be the mother of that great tall young fellow opposite; she was as slim as a girl herself, and had a refined, intelligent face and a clever, capable look about the eyes and mouth. In her dress of grey tweed, with the little twist of lace on her head for a cap, she had a strong look of Blanche, but with it greater sweetness than that young woman had ever displayed.

She turned the huge turquoise ring round and round on her finger; then she looked up at Phil, who was seated in a low cane chair, over which a striped Spanish *manta* was flung.

"Phil," she said abruptly; and it was not at all what she had meant to say, for she had intended a lecture both improving and reproving. "Phil, the Clark-Winters dine here to-day."

"Be hanged!" was the polite rejoinder, which passed unheeded, and perhaps unheard.

"Yes, they do."

Phil looked up.

"Then —" he asked.

"They know you went away."

"Well?"

Phil's habit of monosyllabic questioning was very tiresome.

"They will see you have returned."

"Of course."

"They will talk."

"My dear mother, when did the Clark-Winters do anything but talk? If I had gone to the cats out there, they'd have talked fast enough. Now that I've come back, they can say what they like, I shall not mind."

"But, Phil — the *Pater*!"

"Well?"

Questions again.

"What will he say?"

"Bet you a sov. I know."

"What?"

It was her turn to be monosyllabic now.

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"No, no, my dear madam, you will have to wait and see."

Lady Arabella looked moodily into the fire. She had made a rich marriage, for, although an earl's daughter, she had little or no money of her own, and Sir Edward had any amount of it. But — he was very fond of it — and to part with any, except for his own whims, was a most painful affair.

Phil was the second son, who would "take" to nothing, and who only understood the noble art of spending. Generous, open-handed, impulsive Phil was the one who would make ducks and drakes of wealth — if he had it; therefore, Sir Edward had decided that he should *not* have it.

Luckily, the future baronet, Mr. Monkton, was as penurious as Sir Edward, and a perfect model of the proprieties. He had an excellent diplomatic appointment abroad, and might eventually, if he lived long enough, succeed in becoming H. B. M. Ambassador at some foreign court. All the good things fell to the share of Edward Monkton junior — all the good things, except looks. Edward Monkton was like all his fore-elders on his father's side — a remarkably plain young man. He lived a very precise kind of life, in spite of the gaiety into which he was continually thrown; and no one living was more sensitive on the score of appearances.

Phil inherited his mother's beauty; she had been a handsome young girl; she was now, with hair softening into grey, and the little fading look that was slowly creeping over her — a very lovely woman.

Nothing is more wearing than the continual living with a person who possesses a *mean* side. There is perpetual irritation, incessant rasping, and unending friction. It says much for Lady Arabella that, although a person of very strong will and decision, she was yet able to keep a temper so thoroughly amiable and unspoilt.

Perhaps — although it might make Phil vain to know this — perhaps it was owing, in some measure, to Phil himself. She was like him, he was like her. The same characteristics came out in both. The same tendencies kept both young, and tender, and — friends.

It is a grand thing when a man has as his best and truest friend — his mother.

Sir Edward wanted Phil to work — but only in his way. Phil would have been glad enough to work — also in *his* own way. The two colliding, Phil had gone off on the spur of the moment to Australia; and — had not liked it. He missed his home, he missed his irate old father — he missed his mother. So he came home.

Nothing could be more simple. Nothing lay in a smaller nutshell. But very few accepted this version of the story.

The country people had, each and all, separate legends to account for Phil's absence, which would become historic in time. As years rolled on Phil might even

have become a ghost to haunt Monkton Hall. These privileges of futurity were, however, unknown to the delinquent. Probably he never reflected that it is only the naughty folks who are dignified into *revenants*. The good ones are so uninteresting that we bury them and have done with them thankfully. The others we seem loth to lose.

Phil was not a very bad sort of creature, after all; only some people made him into a bogie-man, and were resolved that he should keep up the reputation.

Lady Arabella turned her gaze from the fire to her son.

"What shall you wear?" she asked at last, as if that had been the one thought of her mind.

Phil laughed.

"I thought you were thinking over all the things that had ever been," he said gaily, hitting, in his ignorance, much nearer the mark than he imagined. "I have my clothes here, you know."

"Clothes?"

"Why, yes. My things, you know; of course I never took any of my dress-things with me, why should I? I had gone out to till the land, had I not?"

"Then your boxes were very badly packed."

"Packed them myself. No, they were not. I only took what was wanted."

"Phil, how will you meet the Clark-Winters? They represent gossip up and down the country."

"And in the evening they will return, grin like a dog, and run about the city," quoted Phil, absently poking the fire with the point of his mother's dainty umbrella. "I shall meet the dear Detestables with sweet emphasis. Never fear, mother, I will be as delightful as you please. I know numbers of new songs, and any amount of stories; you can call upon me to any extent."

Lady Arabella sighed.

"Life needs more than stories and songs, dear boy," she said quietly.

"I do," returned the imperturbable Phil readily. "I want money badly."

"Marry Helena Clark-Winter."

Phil's dark face flushed angrily. He turned to the fireplace, and took up a small clock of delicate old china that stood on the mantelpiece. Lady Arabella's eyes followed his movements.

"I cannot," he said gravely.

"And why not?"

"What is the use of asking why? What is the object of opening the whole ques-

tion *de novo*? I cannot, and I *will* not. You know that, mother."

"Yes, I know. It is not I. It is the *Pater*."

"And 'needs must,' etc. Well, I am not going to be sacrificed for any 'needs,' so please bear *that* in mind."

"Is it the old story, Phil?" she asked anxiously. "Has Australia not cured that?"

"Neither Australia, nor anything, nor anybody else!" he returned shortly. Then he added in a lighter tone: "Is it not time you went to dress, mother dear? The girls went up some moments ago. And even I must pay some attention to the outer man to-night, if I am to propitiate the powers that be."

Lady Arabella rose and laid her hand firmly on his arm.

"You *must*, Phil; bear that in mind! You *must*, if Ned is not to carry all before him."

She spoke earnestly; her carefully modulated voice letting each accent fall with wonderful clearness on his ear.

But from Phil's mind all deeper meaning was far enough away.

"Ned!" he cried lightly. "Bless him! He can 'carry' all, and welcome, dear old boy! I wish he were at home also."

Then he kissed his mother tenderly on both cheeks, and went off happily to dress.

Lady Arabella did not move. She merely raised her dress from force of habit, to prevent its burning, as her foot rested on the fender.

"Ah, Phil, Phil!" she mused, lingering lovingly on the syllable. "If all the world were like you, how happy we might be! But, Sir Edward—and Ned! Little do you know those two. Little do you know with whom you are dealing!"

There was a tap at the door, and her maid entered.

"Miladi, it is late. Will miladi not dress?"

Lady Arabella sighed deeply.

"Ah, yes, Annette. I was forgetting the time. I am coming."

Then Lady Arabella went away, followed closely by Annette.

### CHAPTER III.

THE drawing-room at Monkton Hall is a very fine apartment. It overflows with carved oak and bric-a-brac.

To begin with, the hall is an ancient tower—what is known in the Border Country as a "Peel-tower"—very strong,

very massive, very fortress-like. It has probably stood a great many sieges in its day, and has been used on the defensive more than once, if legends are to be believed. The upper rooms were the keep; the lower ones were used as cattle shelters in the old foray-days; their ancient character still clings to them. This Lady Arabella has turned into her reception-room. It is long and low, with a vaulted ceiling, and walls eight feet thick. It is quite a "show" room, and a goodly one in which to entertain guests.

At the upper end a bright fire burnt, casting a ruddy light all over the walls and the arched roof — on the oak and on the pictures — and above all, on the tall and elegant figure of Lady Arabella, and the more robust and rotund one of Sir Edward, as they stood together to receive their guests.

Over and over again did Lady Arabella's eyes turn to the door. She dreaded Phil's appearance, and yet she did not know what she could do to soften the shock his entry would be.

Sir Edward trotted to and fro about the room, chatting with the nice-looking people. If he had a weakness it was for good looks; as a rule, we do care most for what we are deficient in. Sir Edward liked handsome women, and tall, straight men; and he liked to be seen with them.

Lady Arabella could not offend him more than to fill her rooms with plain and dowdy persons.

Blanche, who was just then talking to old Mr. Stanton, looked very fresh and pretty in the lovely dress that acted as a foil to her complexion. Its folds swept the ground around her slight figure, making her look even younger than her years, while the tender faint peach-color, and the coil of pearls round the fair white neck, made her an indescribably charming picture.

Sir Edward's eyes had noted his daughter's appearance; and he was pleased. But when he glanced at Lady Arabella, he felt proud. Scarcely another woman in the country-side could hold her own against that queenly grace and manner.

She wore a dress of golden velvet, toned down by the dusky hue of some priceless antique lace, an heirloom in the Monkton family; while on her neck and arms she wore the famous diamonds that were the envy of all who beheld them; and in her hair sparkled the dark blood-red coils of Eastern rubies.

"Pon my word!" said Sir Edward, "miladi is splendid to-night. Must say

something nice to her — beats any woman here. Jove! she's inconveniently like that scapegrace, Phil." Then he looked thoughtful and sad. "Wish the lad were a little bit nearer, at any rate. The other side of the world is a long way off. Hullo, Con!" he added aloud, "you're looking very nice, my dear. That's a smart gown, ain't it?"

He put up his glasses to see it the better. He liked this niece to do honor to the family, although she was poor and dependent in a way upon him, his brother-in-law, the parson, being far too heavily burdened to keep his girls decently at home. Sir Edward always felt an intolerant contempt for this brother-in-law, and, indirectly, for his sister. But he was glad when Lady Arabella brought Constance Selwyn home, and cared for her, and made much of her, even as she did of her own child.

When he noted her dress just now, Con laughed. It was pleasant to have it admired, for she knew she looked well in it. The dress was very simple, but therein lay its chief charm; it was a work of deep-est art.

Simplicity itself is an art nowadays. We pay heavily for it. Made of some pure white fabric, with a knot of crimson roses, and a large red feather fan, she looked exceedingly well; and she smiled back at Sir Edward.

"Yes; Aunt Arab gave me this dress. It *is* smart," she said, in high good humor.

Then the door was flung open — wide open, in the frankest manner possible — and a tall figure entered.

For a moment the room danced before the eyes of two widely different people in it — Sir Edward and Constance. Then Sir Edward mechanically put on his glasses.

"It is you, is it, Phil?" he asked doubtfully, as the young fellow came quickly across the room to him; and Constance Selwyn wondered what would happen next.

Then, to every one's intense surprise, Phil bent his handsome head, and, stooping down, kissed his father gravely on his round old face. The movement was so sudden, and so unexpected, that Sir Edward, used as he was to "Phil's ways," forgot to say a word, and could only hold his son's hand in his, and gaze up into the grand young face above him — so wonderfully like his mother's, he felt — without remembering in the least that he *ought* to feel extremely angry.

## CHAPTER IV.

LADY ARABELLA gave a sigh of immense relief. She was standing near old Colonel Clark-Winter, the rich autocrat of the district, and she saw his eyes follow Phil's movements with intensest surprise.

"Your son has returned?" he said, in a tone of inquiry. "Did not like the colony, I suppose, eh?" He, too, put up his eyeglass. "He's a handsome young fellow, Lady Arabella. You must get him married — eh?"

And the vision of six unattached Clark-Winters, in all their best bibs and tuckers, with their best go-to-meeting smiles on their waxen faces, come before his mind.

Lady Arabella smiled. She, also, saw the same picture. She knew what Phil would think of it.

"Is he inclined to settle down?"

Phil "settling" was so unlike Phil unsettled that Lady Arabella smiled again. But she answered bravely, "Oh, yes; I believe he is," and then proceeded to chat with apparent complacency to her old enemy, on the art of bringing up children, a branch of education in which he had had much experience.

The dinner passed over well, no little thanks to Phil, who had a fund of conversation ready, and if at times he romanced slightly — why, is that not a temptation to which all travellers are liable, from the greatest to the least? Phil was no exception, at all events.

He followed the ladies very speedily to the drawing-room, and sang song after song to amuse the guests; and then, to amuse himself, he stole away into the large conservatory that had been built outside the drawing-room, with a doorway cut through the eight-feet-thick wall of the tower. There he found Constance.

It was astonishing what cool ways Mr. Phil possessed. For instance, he passed his arm composedly round this young lady's waist and smiled calmly down into her troubled eyes, and with a gentle whiff of breath blew her curls to right and to left, until they revealed a nice white spot of forehead on which he could leave a kiss.

"Ah, Phil," said Constance sadly, "this is all very well; but — *après?*"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I don't suppose you are prepared to deny that, are you, Con?"

"We have had so many evil days," she murmured. "We shall have so many more. What next?"

"That question I hope to leave unanswered until the Greek Kalends. Why disturb ourselves?"

"Yes, Phil," said she, drawing herself back a step or two. "Yes, Phil, that's all very well; but it cannot go on."

"It can, in my case; and in yours too, if — you use your judgment."

"Have I any, Phil?" she asked sadly.

"Hear that!" he cried gaily. "Hear that, ye gods! Has she any judgment? If she hasn't — who has?"

"I have shown it so powerfully, haven't I?"

"Let us sit down, and have a talk," said he, by way of leaving an unpleasant subject. Phil was ever ready at that sort of thing.

They sat down on a low seat, under the shelter of the tall palms that made the conservatory so lovely; and with sweet odors stealing softly from unseen roses, "made believe" that they were supremely happy for a moment or two. Then the girl lifted her head from his shoulder, and laid her hand firmly there instead.

"Phil! — dear Phil! let *me* tell her, if you will not — I beg of you."

Phil moved uneasily. He hated pain, trouble, worry of any kind. He had returned home, like the prodigal, and the fatted calf had been killed — if not exactly in his honor, at least conveniently in time — and Phil had settled down most comfortably in his own mind; and then —

Con was too provoking. It was enough, as he said, "to make a saint angry." And he was no saint.

So he frowned a little, and looked as fierce as he could.

Constance put up her white hand, and calmly effaced the frown.

"Let me do it, Phil!" she whispered once more.

"Not to-night. I'll see about it. I'll do it myself, Con," he replied, and then there came an interruption in the person of Colonel Clark-Winter, who was the most obtuse man that ever lived, and who seated himself with unblushing effrontery on a wicker chair in front of the two.

Constance had retired to one corner of the seat, and Phil lounged in another, the colonel, seated immediately before them, formed his own conclusions.

"They don't agree, these two. Quarrelled perhaps. Doesn't matter to me. Must get him to think of — Helen! Helen will suit him to perfection. H'm, — hum, — humph." He cleared his throat. "You young folks like to be cool. Nice place this of your mother's." He looked round complacently. "We must have you up at



the Hermitage, Mr. Phil. You must dine with us next week. Miss Selwyn too, I hope." The colonel bowed pleasantly. He had made a tremendous "pot" of money in business, and was colonel of militia; so he gave himself unlimited airs, which amused Lady Arabella and Phil. "Lady Arabella has promised to come."

He saw Phil as a prospective "lion," and was glad he was going to act as showman first of all.

"You must give us some information regarding the — h'm — the colony. Ha, ha! we shall have you as great a diplomatist as Mr. Monkton very soon."

Somehow the mention of Ned's name made Phil moody. He made some sort of reply to the colonel, not caring much what he said.

"Fortunately the old boy likes the sound of his own voice best," said Phil later on, when he thought his promise over. "Perhaps he never heard what I said. A precious lot I know about the colony! Oh, hang it! I *do* know where the cheapest dinners can be had, and where you can lodge at the lowest rate with comfort. That's about all! Never mind. I'll go and dine at the Hermitage. Con will be there, bless her! I have hardly had a moment's talk with her, after all this long time."

Colonel Clark-Winter talked on in his babbling kind of way for some time. He knew a little of Australia too, it turned out, and his information differed from Phil's, which made it interesting — very — to the young man. The colonel aired his knowledge peacefully, while Constance crept softly back to the room; and Phil, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his feet crossed, made himself as happy as he could under the circumstances — and heard very little of his friend's narrative.

In truth, he was really thinking for once in his life — poor Phil! Circumstances had always been hard upon him; they were harder than ever just now. He had returned, and, by sheer force, had made his return turn out well, even with *éclat*, and in the very moment of triumph Constance interferes and troubles him.

"It is *too* bad," said Phil, shaking his head. "What shall I do to quiet her? My mother is a dear creature; but she, alas! has 'hopes,' which I am compelled to disappoint. It's a bad business altogether."

Much to Phil's relief, Lady Arabella felt it her duty to look after him that evening. Perhaps she would not have

done so had she known that he was with Colonel Clark-Winter; but fearing she knew not *what*, she came in search.

"Phil!" she exclaimed in accents of surprise, when she saw him. "What *is* the matter?"

"I believe I am," said the colonel, rising out of the shadows. "I am keeping your son from more agreeable concerns, I fear, Lady Arabella."

She smiled quietly.

"Ah, no; he could not do better than talk to you from time to time," she said, in a tone that implied many things. "I did not see you at first, and was — surprised — at finding him alone."

Phil looked up merrily, giving her a quick, sharp glance.

"My mother always gives me credit for more than is in me, colonel. She believes in her son to the extent of thinking he could always do something — wrong — if he chose. I am not Ned, you see."

The colonel grew quite paternal.

He put his shaky old hand on the young fellow's arm.

"Ah, my boy, matrimony is clearly the thing to keep you at home. A nice house and a decent little place, with a comely woman at the head of it, is worth all the rest of our counsels and so forth."

He grew quite eloquent, and might have said much more, only that Lady Arabella drew her son's arm within her own hastily, and took a step or two in the direction of the room, saying to the colonel over her shoulder: —

"Phil must come and see you, and get some good advice. He will be dull at home nowadays. It would have been different if Ned had been here."

Then a blaze of light met them through the deep passage, and the sound of music reached their ears.

In the distance Constance Selwyn was singing very softly and beautifully, and her rich contralto voice was nowhere heard to greater perfection than at Monkton. Phil sauntered idly in her direction, and Colonel Clark-Winter's brow darkened.

"Your son seems to pay that young lady some attention," he observed, as both Lady Arabella and he came to a stand by the door through which they had entered.

Lady Arabella looked over to the piano, and said gently: —

"They were brought up together."

"Is this to be always her home, then?"

"I — suppose so. I — really do not know. It will be — if she marries Edward, I believe."

She turned to him as she spoke; but it was very unlike Lady Arabella to stammer so much over a few harmless remarks.

Colonel Clark-Winter marked her hesitation; he followed up the conversation.

"Are you doubtful as to whether she will—or will not?" he asked grimly.

"Will—what?"

"Marry Mr. Monkton?"

"It is, of course, problematical. You cannot make young people act as *you* like, can you?"

"Mine are *obliged* to do so."

The stern emphasis of his words made Lady Arabella look across to the young Clark-Winters who were present. And she felt more compassion for them at that moment, than at any other before—or since.

"Constance Selwyn is entirely beyond my control," she said, with a proud air that became her well.

"But your son, I take it, is not. And is it not rather impolitic to throw her so much in the society of one son when the other is away?"

"We are expecting Edward home this week," she said gravely.

The old warrior smiled approvingly.

"That is good hearing! Let us hope his visit will be a long one."

"I don't know," sighed Lady Arabella. "He comes seldom, and stays a very short time—too short for me. But, I suppose we are rather quiet people, and he is used to a bigger world."

The colonel's smile deepened. He was sincerely glad to hear that Edward Monkton was coming home, no matter for how short a time; sincerely glad, also, that it was on the cards that he should marry Constance. He would not fail to be charmed with her, that went without saying. For himself, he liked Phil. He did more. He coveted Phil.

The Clark-Winters were rich in the matter of daughters, but they had no sons; and to remedy this, a son-in-law was the next best thing. The colonel set his heart on Phil.

"Edward Monkton is all very well," said he, "but I like big men—something to show for my money—Helen is tall, she wants a tall man; yes," looking at him critically as he leaned over the piano to look into Constance's eyes. "Yes, Phil is the kind of young fellow to please me."

Poor Phil again! And he was so happy just now—even though he could *not* induce Constance to acknowledge that she was wild with delight at seeing him.

"I have a conscience," said she demurely. "And it urges me to say you would have done more wisely by remaining in Australia."

"And I, too, have developed a conscience, and it tells me I did rightly in returning to look after you."

Their eyes met—eloquent dark eyes—to which words were unnecessary.

Phil went round to her side.

"Con!" he whispered. "My little Con!"

"I am going to sing," she replied, in a tone of grave remonstrance. "Listen! This is a favorite of Aunt Arab's. You will like it."

Sometimes, dear, beside the rippling river,  
In the twilight when the shadows linger low,

And across the misty moorland echoes ever  
All the tender love that blessed me years ago,

And memories come to charm me into gladness,

With dreams of old that fade into the light,  
Your voice I hear amid my life's long sadness,  
Your face I see, a guiding star by night.

And it's sometimes, only sometimes,  
Thro' the stillness and the pain,  
As I linger 'mid the shadows,  
That I hear your voice again.

Sometimes, dear, beside the rippling river,  
When the night-breeze murmurs from the far-away,

Sighing for the days gone by forever,  
Dreaming of the heart's love-music, hushed for aye—

Sometimes, dear, I seem to see you standing  
And I feel, amid the gloom your guiding hand,

All my sadness into song beguiling,  
As once more beside the rippling stream we stand.

And it's sometimes, only sometimes,  
That I see your face once more,  
With its tender smile to guide me  
To the peaceful Heavenly shore,  
Where 'tis always, always, darling,  
Always resting after pain,  
In the never-changing gladness,  
When our hearts shall meet again.

"It is a sad song," said Phil, after a long pause, when she had ended. "Sing something brighter, dear."

Her fingers strayed over the notes, touching first one chord and then another, with a sort of lingering love for the suggestions of melody which they imparted. She seemed, with head bent down, to be listening to the voice of the notes.

"I like it," she said presently.

"That song? And so do I—only—

it is my first night at home, love. Sing me something for myself."

The voice was low and caressing, there was no resisting it.

Constance dared not look up. She let herself drift with the hour, and poured out her heart in the passionate words he was longing to hear. She sang so that none could help hearing, and a hush fell over the room; and the wonderful throbbing melody pulsed in the heart of the man who hung over her, hardly daring to move, lest he should destroy the spell.

The evening passed like a dream, and at last it was all over. The last guests had rolled away over the silent moorlands, and the Tower was quiet once more.

Two figures stood behind the motionless "man" in armor, and the moonbeams strayed over both lovingly.

He drew her close to him.

"My darling!" he whispered passionately. "At last I have you all to myself — and even now you are shaking for fear of others!"

"Oh, Phil! if they came — if they saw — what would they say?"

"My dearest dear," cried the unabashed Phil. "I don't care two pins. I would behave like this before them all."

"You wouldn't!" she retorted, with a laugh.

They stood talking for some moments, then, as if a sudden recollection had come to her, Constance started.

"Oh, Phil!" she cried hastily. "Such bad news! Ned is coming home."

And once again the sunlight broke over Phil's face, as he repeated the words he had previously used to his mother with reference to Ned.

"Dear old boy, bless him! I *am* in luck!"

Constance drew back in some astonishment.

"Phil!" she cried. "Do you mean it?"

"Mean it? I should rather think I do. I'm as glad as I can be, that's all."

Constance laughed. Then she looked grave, and took hold of both his hands, looking into his dark eyes with her cooler grey ones.

"Phil, my dear old Phil!" she said gently, and there was a sound as of tears in her voice. "You are either a saint — or — forgive me, Phil — a fool! Which are you?"

"An't please your majesty — neither!" was the instant rejoinder. "A saint is an inconvenient kind of creature to keep knocking about a house. He ought to

live permanently on a shelf above your head. And a fool is a nuisance, always in the way. No, my dear, your Phil is neither, he is an ass, I grant you. I am modest, you perceive; and he is only an erring, sinful kind of a wretch after all. *You* know that, don't you, Con?"

"I know this," and she drew down his head, and kissed him tenderly. "I have my own opinions — I must live, and wait, and see — whether you are a greater saint, or," and she laughed a little, "a greater fool. Good-night, Phil. God bless you, and God keep all harm from us both, dear."

"Amen!" he echoed, with many additions needless to be recounted.

But in Constance's heart there was a weight of care. "Ned is coming home. Ned is coming home," she kept on repeating, without one grain of pleasure in the repetition. "And what is to become of us?"

What, indeed, little mistress Con? No one knew, not even Colonel Clark-Winter, not even Lady Arabella.

It was a perplexed little head that sought its pillow. A perplexed mind that found refuge in sleep. But all through the night she was pursued by a phantom, a goblin of ill-omen — and this elf took the face and the form of Edward Monkton.

"What a shame! What a libel!" Phil would have said — probably *did* say the next morning, when he was told.

But of course it was Phil who said so. Who else could it be?

#### CHAPTER V.

IN due time Mr. Monkton arrived, and his arrival was a marked contrast to that of Phil.

The carriage met him at the station — a mile and a half away — and the stout horses brought him in triumph home. Every old woman, and every toddling child knew that he was coming, and was on the lookout for his arrival. There were plenty of people to greet him.

Poor Phil had been found wandering about the market-town on his way to a cab-stand. Cabs are good enough for prodigals. The carriage-and-pair are fittest for the hope of the family.

And Ned looked his part to perfection. He was a very correct young fellow, his luggage in beautiful order, his "man," faultlessly attired, behind him.

Sir Edward, who was on the platform, greeted him with outstretched hand, and his son, with a grave smile, took it

warmly, but yet not with the warmth of Phil. He would no more have *kissed* his old father than he would have flown, and certainly *not in public*.

He gave Lady Arabella his cheek decorously. She was his mother, so much he could concede.

Then he pulled his cuffs down, and pruned himself up. It was always the diplomatist you saw when you looked at Edward Monkton the younger. He never forgot himself. The station-master received a gracious nod—Phil had nearly wrung his hand off—and the old fat coachman, Stephen, only had a "How are you, Stephen?" hurled up at him with gravity and studied politeness, where if it had been Phil—

"If it 'ud 'a been t' other 'un," said Stephen, as he gave the horses an extra flick of special severity; "he'd 'a held out of his hand, an' he'd 'a said, 'How are yer? I am glad to be at home agin!' He's a *man*, he is!" said the old coachman angrily. "This 'un is a lump of ice!"

"Is Constance here?" asked the "lump of ice" with calmness as they were rolling along by the side of the moor, through some of the most beautiful Border scenery.

Lady Arabella smiled and sighed at the same moment.

"Yes, she is."

The same thought darted at once into the minds of Sir Edward and his son.

"Why is she not with us?"

"She did not know we had left," said Lady Arabella, answering the unspoken thought. "We came away in such a hurry."

Edward Monkton leaned back serenely, and looked about approvingly.

"The game seems plentiful," he observed graciously, with a lordly air, and his father replied almost obsequiously.

"Oh, yes, it is indeed. You will have some capital sport, I assure you, later on."

"New keeper good?"

"Excellent. Could not be better."

Then they were all three silent, and at the next turn, the Tower came in sight.

On the steps stood Constance with Blanche and Phil, and Edward Monkton's eyes brightened as they rested upon Con.

He advanced to her with that old-fashioned courtesy, which won him so much approval in courtly circles; and Constance smiled frankly as she gave him her hand.

To Blanche was vouchsafed as much of his cheek as his mother had touched. She was his sister, and men are bound to

exhibit some slight feeling for these useful relatives—once in a "blue moon."

But he started when he saw Phil.

"Phil!" he exclaimed, for once moved out of his ordinary tones.

And Phil, as usual, bent down and gave him a brotherly salute that might have been heard beyond the gates.

"I thought you were in—in—Australia!" ejaculated the diplomatist, when he recovered his breath and his "pose."

"And so I was—once upon a time," said unrepentant Phil, in a rollicking tone.

"But I thought better of it. Come along, Ned, and I'll take you to your room."

The housekeeper and some of the upper servants were in the hall to do honor to the heir, and Edward Monkton acknowledged their presence with a nod or two, as he followed his brother's steps, but in his own room he thawed a little.

"Phil," he said with more *empressement* than Phil had ever heard him use before. "Phil, that's the loveliest girl I've seen!"

"Who?" asked the younger brother cautiously.

"Who?"—he stared—"where are your eyes, that you ask such a question? Constance Selwyn, of course. I never saw any one so lovely before."

Phil colored to the roots of his hair, as he walked to the window and looked out, leaning his arms on the sill as he stood.

Then he turned back into the room again, all sunshine and warmth as before.

"Yes," he said gaily, "she is, and as good as she is beautiful. She is longing to see your sketches, and to hear you sing. She has not heard you since she was a little, tiny girl, you know—and that is a long time ago."

Edward Monkton smiled indulgently.

"Not so *very* long ago, I fancy. She would make a sensation abroad, Phil."

"She made one in London, I can tell you," cried the enthusiast, waxing warm in generous praise. "And yet she came back here as simple and as nice as any two-year-old! Oh, the wonder of it in these days!"

Edward Monkton mused quietly.

"Is she staying here at present?" he asked his brother.

"Yes, for some time."

The elder nodded his head. That was well; it exactly suited his views. He sat down to meditate when Phil left him, choosing a large deep chair for his dreamings, which he drew up to the hearth on which a fire of pine logs were crackling and kindling.

Mr. Monkton looked into the flames, picturing his future as he saw it there. It was an attractive future, although widely different from what he had originally chosen and planned.

Edward Monkton was not a "marrying man," his friends had kindly agreed. Friends, as a rule, do settle these little points for us without much ado; they also obligingly select our "partners," and arrange details of personal or family difficulty with complacent kindliness.

All these things our friends do for us out of pure good-will. So kind of them, so thoughtful, so—comprehensive word—so *nice*!

Edward Monkton's friends had arranged a good many trifling details of his life and career for him, after this fashion. Now, he dreamed of upsetting all this; which was very needless trouble on his part, of course.

He could do nothing but sit and gaze into the fire, and dream of the face he had seen; Constance Selwyn's face—the most beautiful one he had seen, he repeated, since he had left Darmstadt.

His resolution was soon taken; and then, with a quick glance at his watch, Edward Monkton rose to prepare for dinner.

In the mean time, Phil was having the most uncomfortable half hour he ever remembered having.

Something in Ned's manner vexed him as he had not been vexed before.

He strode about his room restlessly; and then, all at once, he sat down by the window.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed. "Con is right; I *am* one. Can he see her, and not admire her? Of course not. Who could? And here I must vex my jealous old heart because he thinks she is lovely. Phil, my boy, do you know, I believe you are losing the few wits you originally possessed."

And shaking his head solemnly, he went into his evening dress, making vigorous resolutions all the time to encourage his brother's admiration, if by that means he could put Con on a better footing with his father.

"It is such a pity that we are a couple of penniless urchins!" said he, with a laugh, as he walked out into the corridor. "We must make up to Ned, and win him over to our side. It will be the only way to insure success."

And finding Constance in the drawing-room, he stole his arm about her waist as he whispered:—

"Mind that you are good to Ned, darling. He holds the key to the position, you know, the *Pater* swears by his opinions, and it is of the first importance to stand well with him."

"I am afraid I don't like your pattern, Ned, dear," she whispered in reply. Then, seeing the shocked look on his face, she added: "But, you see, I do not know him so well, do I? When I do, I shall probably change my mind, and think differently."

"Of course you will," he assented brightly. "Ned is wonderfully clever, and a thoroughly good fellow all the way through. You cannot fail to like him. I am nowhere when he comes in."

"Tastes differ, Phil."

"Yours may—I shall not object to that. But the world, and those who know, predict a bright future for Ned. He will be a big Someone before he dies; while I, *chérie*, am only the failure of the family. You see the sort of being I am—how could you choose me?"

"We do not talk of failures until the end comes," said she, nestling closely to his side. "No, Phil, you are *not* a failure, whatever you may please to say."

Then Phil threw back his head, while he held her tightly. His eye kindled, he stood erect.

"Some day, dear, there will come for us—happiness and perfect love, in which we can be content. You will not tire of waiting, will you?" He looked down into the sweet, clear grey eyes that were so true and so patient. "You will not 'weary in well-doing,' will you?"

"Will I, indeed? How dare you ask me?" And the bright, mocking smile flashed back upon him. "Am I not waiting all the time?"

"True, indeed. But does it seem long, Con?"

"It's a long lane that has *no* turning, dear," she replied evasively. "Brighter days are in store for us, you will see."

"God grant it," he said gently, and as Ned entered the room the two moved further away from each other.

Ned saw nothing suspicious in their manner, and he was bent on being gracious.

He advanced, holding a spray of delicate blossoms in his hand.

"Will you wear these?" he asked gently, "they are not particularly lovely, but they are the best these houses seem to produce."

She took them with a little look of apology at Phil, but his bright smile reassured



her, and she rewarded the donor with a merry glance of thanks as she said, —

"You must not abuse the Tower or anything it contains. That is high treason hereabouts. Everything at Monkton is perfection."

He bowed gravely.

"I will remember," he said, "and your word shall be law. You are very good to think so kindly of us."

Then he commenced to chat with them both about ordinary topics in a pleasant and genial way; and presently other guests came in with Sir Edward and Lady Arabella.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"DAD," said Phil the next morning, as they were walking down-stairs to breakfast. "Dad, I am going to tell you a secret."

"Bless me, Phil," exclaimed Sir Edward, as he settled his glasses on his nose. "But you've chosen a very inopportune moment. We will arrive at the breakfast-room door in a moment."

"I always make my strokes in a hurry."

"Very well," sighed his father. "Say on, only make short work of it."

"Dad," said Phil, taking his father's arm affectionately, "I want to marry — Constance. How is it to be done?"

To say Sir Edward was astonished is to give a feeble estimate of his state of mind.

His small round eyes stared at Phil in the most absolute amazement; and the same feeling deprived him of his usual fluency of speech.

He gasped and sputtered; had it been any one else who had presumed to tell him such a thing, he would have been furious; as it was only Phil who had been so audacious he only gnashed his teeth and looked unutterable things.

Phil patted his arm good-humoredly.

"I know, dad, I know," he murmured encouragingly, "I thought it would be a bit of a bother, at first. You will be reconciled to the idea after a time. How is it to be managed?"

When Sir Edward recovered his speech, he felt strongly tempted to rage. But by degrees it dawned upon him that that would not be the right course to adopt with Phil. It never had been.

He tried another plan.

"Will you be so good as to tell me," he asked gravely, "what are your prospects in the near future?"

Phil laughed.

"I have none," he replied, after his mirth had spent itself.

"Then — *have some* — that is all. When you have — come and talk to me. Before that — it is impudence to dream of dragging a girl down to poverty; that's all, Phil. There's my advice; I make you a present of it."

For once Phil looked grave.

"Thank you, sir," he said quietly. "I will think it over."

"Ay, do," said Sir Edward, glad that the discussion was over. In reality it was just beginning, but Sir Edward did not know that.

The two men turned in at the open door, and Phil busied himself in pouring out tea. None of the ladies were down yet. Sir Edward liked these little ministrations on the part of his tall son; they flattered him, and he was glad to feel that Phil liked them too.

By degrees he began to feel more kindly towards the young man. "Phil," he said, as he buttoned up his driving-coat and put on his gloves. "I will tell you what I will do for you. I will watch you. If you make an effort to help yourself, I will help you. There, I'll say no more. A nod is as good as a wink, you know."

"Thank you, sir," Phil replied as before. "I will think it over."

He watched his father drive away, and lighting a cigar, he walked slowly away to the river.

"I'll think it all over to-day, and decide. Dear little girl! I must make myself more of a man for her sake."

He reached the river, and strolled along as far as the mill. It was very quiet and peaceful, and the air was fresh and bright.

"I don't want to go abroad again," he said. "I think I'll try the same dodge over here. There's Brook's farm standing empty. Suppose I have a shy at *that*, and see what I can make of it. Why shouldn't a man farm in England on the same lines as he would abroad? He might make it pay. I've a very good mind to try."

Then a sharp cry came on the wind to his ears — once — twice —

Phil flung away his cigar.

"Some one in trouble," he exclaimed, as he answered with a shout. "I'm with you," he called aloud as he ran down to the water's edge. "Where are you?"

He caught sight of a head rising on the surface of the water — a child's head. Phil knew it. He remembered the youngster, it was the miller's little daughter. Hastily flinging off his coat, he sprang in after her, and caught her hair.

"Keep still, Elsie, I've got you," he called out, for the child, in her terror, had

flung her arms tightly round him, dragging him under.

The weight drew him down — down — down. It was a hole — and it was very deep.

He struggled bravely, but the child lay heavily in his arms. She was a dead weight, for her thirteen or fourteen years, and to let her go was not in Phil's mind. He had jumped in to save her — he *would* save her — or die — in the attempt.

Oh, God! *Was* this death? — Was he dying? — this strange numbness — strange callousness — that held him. There were long weeds there — they wrapped him in their cruel folds — over — over — over — they curled and wreathed.

Was this — was *this* death?

He had just resolved to *live* — to be a *man* for her sake. Was he to go now — to leave all — *thus*? He had resolved to be a man, yet this was death — this was the end.

Strange, he felt no fear, no terror. He hardly thought of Constance. As in a glass, darkly, he saw her pictured for a moment; as in a passing glance, then, his thoughts swept on, leaving her.

He was nearing Eternity.

After all his hair-breadth escapes by land and on sea, he was nearing It now, in his own waters. In sight of his own home.

Strange fate truly — and yet, it was reserved for him.

His pulses throbbed once more with the effort to be free.

Vain — vain. He could not break those slimy fetters. He could not get away. Heaviness outweighed the desire to live.

He was going. He was dying.

Oh, God — this was death.

Phil's arms relaxed their hold. The girl, released, floated away. It was only Phil who remained — who was held — fast.

And the curlews cried overhead, in the clear air, as they circled above the water. And the tall trees bent down to sigh, their leafless branches touching the shining river. And the weeds flung their long stems high into the wind, while they waved to and fro, like spectral sentinels upon a lonely strand.

But never a word, or a sign did they make to show that Philip Monkton slept beneath.

Alas, poor Phil!

Constance is Lady Monkton now. She married Sir Edward after all. She is not unhappy, but now and then, when she

thinks of Phil, she says: "Ah, Phil, my darling, which were you — I wonder? — saint or fool?"

There is no need to wonder — I *know*.  
Don't you? MARY S. HANCOCK.

From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE VERDICT OF ENGLAND.

"ROMA LOCUTA EST." If my somewhat hazy and remote classical recollections serve me aright, the meaning of this phrase was that when the *populus Romanus* had given its decision there was no more to be said. It is so, at any rate, with us. The constituencies have spoken, and there is an end of the matter. I have no intention, therefore, of entering into elaborate arguments to show that the result of our appeal to the electorate of the United Kingdom ought by rights to have been other than it has been. It is with the future, not with the past, that I am concerned; and I have no desire to fight over again the battle that we Unionists have fought — and lost. But in order to point out what I conceive to be the duty and the interest of the Unionist party in the time to come, it is essential first of all to explain what in my judgment the verdict of the constituencies means, and still more what it does not mean.

To put the issue shortly, the elections show that the majority of our electorate, as at present constituted, prefer Mr. Gladstone to Lord Salisbury. To me individually this popular admiration for the elect of Midlothian is a thing utterly unintelligible. Hero-worship of any kind is perhaps not much in my line, but if I am to worship a hero he must possess other and higher qualities than an exuberant verbosity, a masterdom of Parliamentary tactics, and an exaggerated belief in his own infallibility. Still, there is no arguing about tastes, and if the majority of my fellow-countrymen choose to look on Mr. Gladstone as a profound thinker, a great statesman, and a heaven-born minister, they have the same right to their opinion as I have to mine. The will of the country has declared in favor of Mr. Gladstone, and I, for one, speaking as an Englishman, can only hope the verdict of posterity may decide that the popular judgment was in the right, and that I and my fellow-Unionists were in the wrong. All I contend is that the elections turned, in as far as Great Britain is concerned, upon Mr.

Gladstone's personality, and not upon the merits or demerits of Home Rule. It is a signal tribute to Mr. Gladstone's hold on the masses that he should have been able to carry the day in spite of his advocating a policy which a large section of his followers view with distrust and dislike, and which the great majority regard with supreme indifference. No other English politician could have obtained a hearing for Home Rule. If the repeal of the Union is now brought within a measurable distance of accomplishment, Mr. Gladstone may fairly say "Alone I did it." Prince Bismarck, whatever his detractors may say against him nowadays, will live forever in history as the statesman who united Germany into one nation. Mr. Gladstone, if successful in his Home Rule policy, will live in history as the statesman who disunited Great Britain and Ireland. Both statesmen are anxious for fame; but the latter seems to me to forget that, as Lord Macaulay said, there is a fame which is marvellously like infamy.

Be this as it may, it is a mere abuse of language to say that the constituencies — putting Ireland aside — have declared for Home Rule. The utmost that can truly be said is that they have signified their readiness to accept Home Rule, if its acceptance is the necessary price of the Liberals being replaced in office. In so doing the Liberal constituencies have faithfully followed the example of their illustrious leader. Mr. Gladstone attained the mature age of seventy-seven without being converted to Home Rule. But after the elections of 1885 he perceived that the growing strength of the Conservative reaction in England rendered it impossible for the Liberals to retain power unless they came to terms with the Nationalists. Sooner than sacrifice the supremacy of his party he agreed to repeal the Union. In 1892 the English Liberals have declared their readiness to do what Mr. Gladstone did six years ago. The master, however, has proved more apt than his pupils. With his unrivalled faculty of self-deception he has contrived to persuade himself that Home Rule is not only a political necessity, but an absolute benefit; and he has made the discovery that in bartering the repeal of the Union for the votes necessary to enable him to return to office, he is discharging a sacred duty which England owes to Ireland. His supporters, however, with rare exceptions, are unequal to this flight of fancy, and make no secret of the fact that they would never have dreamed of repealing the Union if it were

not that its repeal has proved essential to their own party interests.

The second feature of the late elections to which I would call attention, is that the choice of England — as I predicted would be the case in the article I wrote last month under the above heading — has gone dead against Mr. Gladstone's policy. In London the Unionists held thirty-seven seats against twenty-five; in the English provincial boroughs, ninety-five against sixty-eight; in the English counties, one hundred and thirty-one against one hundred and three; while in the English universities, the whole five seats were retained by the Unionists without even the pretence of a contest. Thus in England alone Lord Salisbury had a majority of seventy-two. In weighing the value of this majority you have to consider its quality as well as its quantity. London and the whole network of towns and counties which surround the metropolis have given an overwhelming vote against Home Rule. The Midland counties, the great centres of industrial enterprise, such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, have remained faithful to the cause represented by Lord Salisbury's government. On the other hand, the gains of the Gladstonians have been chiefly made in the East End of London and in the poorer agricultural counties. It follows, therefore, that the wealth, the intelligence, the energy of England are mainly represented by the districts which have returned Unionist candidates; the districts, I may add, which, whenever we have one vote one value, must gain largely in electoral representation at the cost of the less prosperous and populous constituencies in which the Separatists have made their chief gains.

The third point worth noting is that the Unionists have gained ground in Scotland and Ireland, though not to such an extent as to compensate for their losses in the English counties. The fourth and last item which should be placed to the credit of the Unionists in any fair balance-sheet of the elections is the extent to which the Liberal Unionists have held their own. They lost in round numbers one quarter of the seats they held the other day, their respective strength in the late and the present Parliament being sixty as against forty-six. The loss is a serious one, but it falls far short of the total annihilation so confidently predicted for the Liberal Unionists by the Gladstonian organs. Indeed, it must fairly be owned that Liberal Unionism seems to be an advancing

not a declining force in the great Midland districts, in which Mr. Chamberlain's personal supremacy is now found to be stronger than ever.

Taking the above considerations into account, we can see that in the new Parliament there will be one of the most powerful oppositions our political annals have on record—an opposition harmonious, united, proud of its cause, hopeful of its future, confident of success. On the other hand, we shall have a ministry supported by a heterogeneous and discordant majority, distracted by dissident interests and conflicting claims, and with little heart in the cause which they are pledged to support. Indeed, my chief fear for the future lies in the fact that any calm calculation of results tells strongly on the Unionist side, and that in consequence there is a risk of our under-estimating the possible dangers of the position.

For my own part I am not so satisfied, as most of my friends profess to be, of the practical impossibility of Mr. Gladstone's success inflicting any serious injury on the cause of the Union. After all, a majority is a majority, no matter how it may be composed; and I see little probability that the present majority will fail to exercise the first right of a majority, that of getting into office. The Nationalists undoubtedly are masters of the situation. Lord Salisbury has avowed, and rightly avowed, his intention of not resigning till he is defeated by a vote in the House of Commons. When Parliament meets—as it will within a day or two of these lines appearing in print—some resolution professing want of confidence in her Majesty's ministry will have to be carried if Mr. Gladstone is to be entrusted with the formation of a government. The fate of this resolution will depend absolutely and entirely on the decision of the Nationalists. If they agree to vote for it, the resolution will be carried; if they decide not to vote at all the resolution will be lost, and the present ministry will remain in office, at any rate until next February. In all likelihood negotiations have already been entered into between the Liberal leaders and the Nationalists as to the terms on which the latter will consent to give the vote required to enable Mr. Gladstone to get back to office. Beggars cannot be choosers, and the English politicians who—with Mr. Gladstone as their chief—are now begging, cap in hand, for the votes of the Sextons and the Healsys, in order to sit once more upon the Treasury bench, will have, in Oriental phrase, to eat dirt

before their prayers are granted by the arbiters of their fate. It is said that if you only eat dirt enough you learn to like the diet, and I should fancy that the political stomachs of Sir William Harcourt and his like were exceptionally capable of assimilating any sort of food, however repulsive to the ordinary palate. I can see, therefore, little reason to imagine that the negotiations I have referred to will fall through owing to any excessive squeamishness on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The only possibility of the Liberals and Nationalists failing to come to an understanding lies in the off chance that the latter may insist upon conditions which the former could not accept without forfeiting the confidence of their party. But I doubt greatly this possibility being realized.

Naturally enough, the Irish Nationalists, whether Parnellites or Anti-Parnellites, do not like the English Liberals; still more naturally they do not trust Mr. Gladstone, and most naturally of all they enjoy the humiliation which they have now the opportunity of inflicting on their old enemies. But I question their dislike and distrust of Mr. Gladstone, or their wish to pay off old scores, leading them to the length of declining to vote in favor of his return to office. The leaders of the Irish party are far too acute not to be aware that the Liberal gains in England were won mainly by Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity, not by any enthusiasm for Home Rule; they know, too, that Mr. Gladstone is the only English statesman who has either the power or the wish to carry Home Rule into effect, and that therefore they are running a serious risk, at his advanced period of life, in deferring even for a few months his accession to office. If Mr. Parnell had been alive the case might have been different. Whatever his failings, he was a born leader of men—a bold, determined, and unscrupulous gambler in the game of politics. The opportunity presented by the inability of Mr. Gladstone to unseat the ministry and get back to office without the Nationalist vote was one on which Mr. Parnell—to use a metaphor familiar to card-players—would infallibly “have gone nap.” The chance had come for which, in his own words, “he had taken off his shirt,” and I err greatly in my opinion of Mr. Parnell, both for good or bad, if he would have consented to give his vote, or allow his followers to vote, so as to turn out the government, till he had obtained a formal undertaking from Mr. Gladstone pledging

himself and his party to pass such a Home Rule Bill as would have practically conferred absolute legislative and executive autonomy upon Ireland. The situation, however, has been completely changed by the ostracism and subsequent death of the great Irish leader. Mr. McCarthy is not Parnell, and, what is more, knows he is not Parnell; and a like assertion might be made with regard to every one of the Irish patriots from Dillon and O'Brien down to Redmond and Tanner. With Parnell alive the Nationalists would not have dared to come to a compromise with Mr. Gladstone. But with Mr. Parnell in his grave a compromise is possible, if not probable. The Irish priesthood have recovered their political ascendancy; and the Nationalists are now, for all practical purposes, mere nominees of the Catholic Church in Ireland. All, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone has got to do is to come to terms with Dr. Walsh and his fellow-ecclesiastics; and if he can do this he may be sure that the Nationalists will obey orders and vote for his resolution, even if they are not altogether satisfied with the extent of his concessions. Now to come to terms with the Irish clergy is a far easier task than to come to an understanding with the Irish Nationalists. The priests — and especially the higher orders of the priesthood — care far more about ecclesiastical autonomy than they do about legislative independence. If, therefore, Mr. Gladstone should be prepared to negotiate with the Irish episcopate on the basis of giving over the control of national education in Ireland, virtually, if not nominally, to the priesthood, and of allowing the Parliament of Dublin full authority to deal with all ecclesiastical questions, his clerical allies would, I think, be found ready to recommend their representatives at Westminster to submit to such restrictions on the political authority of the Irish Parliament as might in his opinion be necessary to satisfy the scruples of the English Liberal members, and to confirm the Liberal party outside Parliament in the delusion that by granting Home Rule they were not actually consenting to the repeal of the Union. To a compromise of this kind Mr. Gladstone himself would, I fancy, offer no objection. In the case of a statesman all of whose convictions are of a fluid order it is difficult to form any positive opinion as to the stability or instability of any particular conviction. But it may be said without injustice that throughout his public career Mr. Gladstone has always manifested a bias towards

ecclesiasticism and a want of sympathy with the ideas which form the fundamental basis of Protestantism. Nor can I place much reliance on the strength of the Non-conformist conscience. If Scotch Free Kirkmen and the English Dissenters, who form the backbone of the Liberal party in Scotland and in the English provincial boroughs, are indifferent to the protests of their co-religionists in Ulster, why should we expect them to sacrifice their hostility to the Church of England in order to hinder the Church of Rome from gaining an advantage at the cost of Protestantism in Ireland? The plain truth is that with the general tendency of modern thought to discard, or at any rate to depreciate, belief in dogma, Dissent and Nonconformity have lost their reason of being. I do not assert for one moment that the great body of Dissenters have lost all faith in the particular doctrines professed by their respective sects. But I say without hesitation that dogmatic faith is on the wane, and that, as a necessary corollary, the antagonism between the Established Church and Dissent has become not so much religious, as social and political. Thus, so long as the Conservatives are opposed to disestablishment the Dissenters will support the Liberals, even if their support should involve the surrender of the Protestant cause in the sister kingdom. The English Liberals, as a body, will follow Mr. Gladstone blindly; and the Irish Nationalists will accept the orders of their spiritual masters. With the exception of the handful of Parnellites, every Irish Nationalist member is aware that he owes his seat to the influence of the priests, and that if he incurs their displeasure he cannot look for re-election. But even if this were otherwise the Nationalists — however little they may trust Mr. Gladstone — would, I think, come in the end to the conclusion that they have more to gain by putting Mr. Gladstone into office, even without specific conditions, than they have by keeping the Unionists in power. They are fully alive to the pressure they can bring to bear upon the Liberals if ever the latter attempt to place real restrictions on the power of the proposed Irish Parliament, and they are perfectly aware that if once an Irish Parliament and an Irish executive are established the removal of any restrictions placed on their authority is a mere question of time. No rational man in his senses supposes that if the government of Ireland were once entrusted to an Irish Parliament, England would go to war with Ireland because this



Parliament gradually extended its authority beyond the limits originally assigned. Yet, short of armed intervention, Great Britain would, on this hypothesis, have no practical power of hindering the Irish legislature or the Irish ministers from extending their authority to any extent that they might deem desirable. I have no doubt if Mr. Parnell had lived he would have made a hard fight for a positive undertaking as to the specific conditions of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme before he consented to replace the Liberals in power. But I am inclined to think that in the end the uncrowned king would have deemed it wiser to put Mr. Gladstone into office, even without any definite pledge as to the details of his scheme, than to give the Unionists a new lease of power, and thereby postpone indefinitely the establishment of an independent Irish Parliament, of which he was to have been the leader, and by means of which he reckoned confidently on effecting the complete separation of Ireland from England. Thus, if my calculations are correct, Mr. Gladstone will meet with no insuperable difficulty in getting the Nationalists to vote for a resolution hostile to the government without insisting on the disclosure of the scheme by which he proposes to confer legislative independence on Ireland without impairing the supremacy of the imperial Parliament.

I do not share the view held in so many quarters that the devising, or even the passing of such a scheme, is beyond the bounds of possibility. I fully admit that the attempt to repeal the Union, and yet to retain the supremacy of the imperial Parliament, is as insoluble a problem as the squaring of the circle. But it is not impossible to devise a scheme which, with a little good-will, may be represented as fulfilling two inconsistent conditions. The same causes which have made Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party so eager to get back to power will render them still more reluctant to give up power when once they have obtained it. Whenever it comes to the alternative of either giving way upon any special provision of the Home Rule Bill, or of incurring certain defeat, it is the Liberals, not the Nationalists, who will be the first to surrender. The position of straining at the gnat when you have swallowed the camel is one which it is difficult for a party to maintain for any length of time; and when once the Liberals have consented to give Ireland an independent legislature it would be ab-

surd to sacrifice office for the sake of enforcing restrictions on the competence of this Parliament which their own authors know in their hearts to be not worth the paper on which they are written. Thus I see no absolute impossibility in the supposition that Mr. Gladstone may succeed in the course of next year in passing a bill through the House of Commons by which Ireland would in reality be accorded complete legislative independence, while at the same time it would be possible to represent to the public that the bill did not materially impair the supreme authority of the imperial Parliament.

I do not say that such a bill will be passed through the House of Commons. I do not overlook the extreme, inherent difficulties of any attempt to conciliate the Nationalists without alienating the English Liberals. I do not leave out of calculation what, with the fear before my eyes of rousing once more the wrath of the great Sir William, I will euphemistically describe as the chapter of accidents. But still, after making all allowances, it seems to me by no means an impossible contingency that Mr. Gladstone may contrive to pass some sort of Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons before the close of the session of 1893. We may take it for granted that if he does so succeed the House of Lords will throw out the bill, and in this case we should have a dissolution of Parliament followed by a general election in about twelve months from the present time.

It is this contingency for which the Unionists have got to be prepared. There is no good in ignoring the truth, that a general election held under the conditions I have supposed would not be so favorable in many respects to the Unionist cause as the one which has just concluded, and which has resulted, however unsatisfactorily or inconclusively, in a Home Rule victory. It is all very well for Radicals of the Labouchere type to urge the expediency of postponing Home Rule till a variety of reforms are passed, which are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be likely to strengthen the power of the Liberal party in the English constituencies. But whatever the Radicals may wish, the Nationalists command the position, and can, according to a slang phrase, call the tune. Now they—as I have said above—are well aware that their one chance of carrying a Home Rule Bill depends upon Mr. Gladstone's tenure of power. As they do not happen to share the Harcourt

ian superstition that Mr. Gladstone is exempt from the casualties and ailments which in the case of ordinary humanity are inseparable from advanced age, they will insist on the Home Rule Bill being given precedence of all other legislation; and in so insisting they will have the approval of the Irish priesthood. We may therefore assume that next session will be practically monopolized by the discussion on Home Rule. I am not quite certain myself that this will be a disadvantage to the Liberals. They will not be called upon to fulfil the promises they have made to the agricultural electors, to the partisans of disestablishment, or to the advocates of local option; they will be able to plead with truth that all these reforms and all reforms of a similar character are necessarily blocked till the Home Rule controversy is settled for once and for all, as, according to their contention, it can only be settled by consenting to the Irish demand for a separate Parliament. The late elections showed clearly that the British electorate have never fully realized the gravity of the Home Rule issue, and are, indeed, sick of the whole matter. Is there any reasonable probability that in twelve months' time the apathy in respect of Home Rule against which Ministerialist and Opposition candidates have alike had to struggle will be exchanged for an attitude of intelligent interest? For my own part, I can see no cause for so imagining. Under these circumstances the Liberals will be able to assert that the settlement of the Irish difficulty and the consequent enactment of various measures in which large portions of the constituencies take a genuine interest are hindered by the arbitrary action of the House of Lords. In other words, the Liberals will be able to go to the country not so much on Home Rule for Ireland as on the cry that the authority of the people's Chamber is overridden by the caprice of an irresponsible hereditary legislature.

I think we may safely assume that twelve months hence the British public will be even more weary of the Irish question than they are now—and that is saying a great deal. It is possible this weariness may induce the electorate to inflict so decisive a defeat on the partisans of Home Rule as to shelve the question for another generation. But it is equally possible, and, as I think, far more probable, that if things go on as they are going now this weariness will create a popular feeling in favor of giving Mr. Gladstone's

Home Rule Bill a chance, and thus getting rid of the Irish question, at any rate for the time being.

We Unionists, therefore, who rightly or wrongly regard the maintenance of the Union as a matter of life or death to England, are confronted with the possibility of a graver danger than any we have yet encountered. It was a heavy blow to our cause when in 1886, for the first time in our annals, an English statesman and an English party were found ready to accept the repeal of the Union as a possible solution of the Irish difficulty. We have just sustained a far more serious blow by the result of the late elections. We should sustain a blow far exceeding the two former in gravity if, after a Home Rule Bill had been passed through the Commons and had been rejected by the Lords, a Parliament should be returned the majority of whose members were pledged to support the bill in question on its re-introduction.

It may be said that the danger in question is remote and uncertain. Mr. Gladstone may fail to upset the government; he may prove unable to form a ministry; he may find it impossible to frame a Home Rule Bill which both Nationalists and Liberals would agree to accept; he may not succeed in carrying his bill through the House of Commons; he may give up Home Rule in disgust, and elect that the next phase of his political transformations should be passed in the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. All these and many other similar hypotheses are possible, but their converse is possible also; and what I ask myself is—supposing events to follow their natural course, and that we have to fight the country again next year on the question of Home Rule, are we more likely to succeed than we were last month? If I am assured that we are going to carry on the campaign under the old conditions, then I confess, however reluctantly, that I should have to answer the above question in the negative.

The first step towards success is to acknowledge failure; and I see no use in disputing the plain fact that we have failed so far. We started in 1886 with a majority against Home Rule of over a hundred; we are now in a minority of forty. Yet we contend—and contend with reason—that the electorate are, if anything, less enamored of Home Rule in the present year than they were in the former. We have been beaten, first at the by-elections, and later on at the general election, not be-

cause the constituencies have changed their minds upon the Irish question, but because they have never realized the paramount magnitude of this question and have attached infinitely greater value to questions of subsidiary importance. Thus, our failure is due to two causes: the first is, that we have not carried home to the mass of our fellow-countrymen our own conviction that the repeal of the Union is a matter of life or death to England; the second is, that we have allowed ourselves to be outbidden and outmanœuvred by our opponents in respect of the questions which really interest the masses. To quote the famous saying of Napoleon the Third after the first disasters of the French army in 1870, "Tout peut se rétablir." Yes, everything may be set right, but not if we proceed in the same way and act on the same lines as those which have landed us already in defeat.

Those who are familiar with what I have written on this subject are aware that from the outset I have deprecated the resolution of the Liberal Unionists to maintain a separate and distinct organization, and have foretold that this attempt must end in failure. I have said all along that the Conservatives are the strongest single party in the United Kingdom, and that the one way to preserve the Union is to strengthen the hands of the dominant English party. If when a Conservative ministry was placed in power after the elections of 1886 the Liberal Unionists had joined the government and had coalesced not only in fact but in name with the Conservatives, the public could hardly have failed to realize the gravity of the crisis. The magnitude of the issues at stake in the maintenance of the Union will, I am convinced, never be estimated by the country at large till the Liberal seceders show by their acts as well as by their words that they place the maintenance of the Union over and above every consideration of party names and party politics. Our people never have understood, and never will understand, superfine distinctions. In the eyes of the great public the Liberal Unionists are only Conservatives who liked to be called Liberals. The sooner they abandon an untenable position the better for their cause and for themselves.

In the next place, the Unionists, if they have taken to heart the lesson of the late elections, have got to place less reliance upon argument and more reliance on appeals to popular sentiment, popular inter-

ests, and even popular prejudices. Pure reason and abstract principle may have their weight with philosophers and scholars, but they are caviare to the artisans and peasants to whom, wisely or unwisely, we have entrusted supreme electoral power. Different baits are required for different kinds of fishes; or, to express the same idea more crudely, you have got to suit your programme to your public. In respect of sentiment the Unionists are, I admit, at a disadvantage in comparison with the Separatists. It is idle to discuss whether the popularity attaching to Mr. Gladstone's personality is founded upon reason. It is enough for us that it exists, and is a potent force in politics. The spectacle of the aged statesman fighting with all the vigor and passion of youth for the cause of Ireland has taken hold of the imagination of the masses; and on our side we have no single champion—one who can even compare with the member for Midlothian as a popular attraction. Still, we might do something to redress the balance. One of the minor causes of the decline in the personal popularity of the present ministry has been the absence of marked individualities in its ranks. Seldom, if ever, of late years have we had a ministry in which so many of the leading positions were filled by men who no doubt discharged their official duties with fair efficiency, but who were, politically speaking, nonentities; and this, too, at a time when the power of addressing the public is daily becoming more and more important. It would be invidious to mention names, but we may fairly ask how many members of the present Cabinet are there who can be expected to be of the slightest use, either inside or outside Parliament, in the campaign the Unionists will now have to fight as an Opposition? There are many of the younger members of the Conservative party, such as Sir John Gorst, Baron de Worms, and Mr. Plunket, who have achieved great success in addressing public audiences; and Conservatives who can uphold the cause of the Union out of doors are the men who ought to be Mr. Balfour's colleagues in the next Unionist Cabinet. There can, I think, be few friends of the Union who do not regret that the advice given months ago in these pages was not taken, and that the ministry did not go to the country with Lord Randolph Churchill as one of its leading members. The result might have been different if the sometime leader of the Conservative party had been able to

speak, not as a private member, but as one invested with the authority of high office, and had thrown himself—as under those circumstances he would infallibly have done—heart and soul into the fight for the Union. Whatever criticism may be passed on the political career of Mr. Goschen's predecessor in the chancellorship of the exchequer, he has got the ear of the public; and the Unionist cause cannot afford to dispense in opposition with the services of any politician who can command a hearing.

I would also urge upon my fellow-Unionists the urgent necessity of making up their minds as to the price they are prepared to pay for the support of the electorate. In an article I wrote in these pages a year ago I pleaded the expediency of the Unionists taking up a sympathetic attitude on the eight hours movement. The advice was repudiated by the Unionists, but was accepted by the Separatists, and the result is the return of a Separatist majority. I can quite understand people objecting to the eight hours movement. I have very imperfect sympathy with it myself. But I am prepared to advocate legislative restriction of the hours of labor if by so doing I can preserve the integrity of the United Kingdom. If my fellow-Unionists are not prepared to pay this price, there is no more to be said. I can only repeat the advice I gave twelve months ago, and bid them remember that if they wish to get the working-class vote they have got to pay for it, either in meal or in malt.

I claim no credit for political foresight. The conclusions I drew then—in common, as I hold, with the conclusions I draw now—are patent to anybody who has the courage to look facts in the face. If we wish to recover our lost ground, we Unionists have got to close our ranks, to increase our popularity with the country, and to pay the price required to enlist the sympathies of the electorate on behalf of our cause. If I am told that what I ask is impossible, as the price is too high, then there is no good in further argument. But, just as Henry the Fifth vindicated his conversion to Catholicism on the plea that "Paris vaut bien une messe," so I, for one, am perfectly content to surrender the name of Liberal and to accept legislation on labor questions, of a kind in which I personally have little or no belief, in order to uphold the Union, which is, to my thinking, the sheet-anchor of England's greatness.

EDWARD DICEY.

From Good Words.

#### A MODERN DUTCH PAINTER.

BY ROBERT WALKER.

THE best Dutch art of to-day is the legitimate outcome of the Dutch art that made the fame of Holland during the seventeenth century. More especially in the works of such of the well-known Hague painters whose chief is Israels do we note the respect for truth, the appreciation of the value and meaning of their immediate surroundings, the tender love of their own national life and manners that distinguished Rembrandt and his great contemporaries. The modern painters and the giants of the older art-history of their country are of one race, however much circumstances, varying temperaments, and different capacities may have altered the methods of expression and, in many cases, circumscribed the range of the men of these latter days. Art, like wisdom, is always justified of her faithful children, and in turn fills their hearts with a knowledge of how best to understand her moods. But she has nothing to give in exchange for lip-service, or for merely mechanical obedience to the letter of her laws. She rewards only those who have ears attent for her faintest whisper.

Among the later Dutchmen who have shown themselves "worthy heirs of old renown," Artz occupies an honorable place. He is not among the greatest or the strongest of those who in recent times have made the Hague a notable art-centre, but in his own way and within his own limits, he was a true artist, and full of sympathy with human nature as he saw it around him, in its placid, gentler manifestations.

David Adolphe Constant Artz was born at the Hague on 18th December, 1837, and resided there until he was about eight years old. His parents then removed to Amsterdam, and as they were in a comparatively humble position, young Artz had early to begin to work for a livelihood. He had strong artistic instincts, however, but up to his eighteenth year, could gratify these only by occasional attendance at drawing classes in the winter evenings. The inevitable crisis came; against the strongly expressed wish of both his mother and step-father (his own father was dead and his mother had married again), he resolved to become an artist, and began his regular artistic education by gaining admission to the life-school at the Royal Academy at Amsterdam. Here he made the acquaintance of Josef Israels, and their intimacy

developed into a close and lasting friendship, which had a great influence on Artz's subsequent career. Israels was by some years the elder of the two, and had already laid the foundation of his reputation. He was brimming over with enthusiasm and earnestness, thinking no labor too great so that he might attain excellence in his beloved art. He was every night at the life-school, and by precept and example encouraged and strengthened his younger brethren. Acting on Israels' advice, Artz, in 1866, went to Paris to continue his studies. Two of his chief comrades in Paris were his own countrymen, James Maris and Kämmerer. For the first year, he worked in the same studio with Maris, and then he and Kämmerer occupied one atelier. Israels had given him a much-prized introduction to Courbet. To Courbet Artz mentioned his desire to become a pupil at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. Courbet's characteristic advice to the young aspirant was to stay at home and work, "*Prenez un modèle et fermez votre porte !*"

Artz made many pleasant friendships in Paris, and grew, during the eight years he lived there, to be, as he said himself, "almost a Parisian." By Kämmerer he was introduced to a little literary and artistic club that numbered several distinguished men among its members. Of these I may mention the brothers Coquelin, the actors; Paul Deroulède and Paul Ferrier, men of letters; Saint Saëns, the musician; Léon Glaize, painter; Croisy, sculptor; and Charpentier, the publisher. What a good time they must have had! Artz always looked back with great delight to the pleasant hours he had spent in the society of these kindred spirits.

While Artz was in Paris, his fellow-countryman, Alexander Mollinger, was also a dweller there, and the two were constant companions. Has the influence on his brother artists of Mollinger — too soon lost to this world and art — yet been appreciated at its proper value? I know of two good men who hold him in reverent memory, Josef Israels and Sir George Reid, and remember another voice that bore witness to his worth. In my mind's ear I hear again George Paul Chalmers, as years ago I heard him, in his Edinburgh studio, grow eloquent in his own emphatic, hurriedly enthusiastic way, in praise of Mollinger, and of the great promise untimely marred. "The blind Fury with the abhorred shears" was even then lurking ready for Chalmers himself. So wags the world away!

Mollinger introduced Artz to Mr. (now Dr.) Forbes White, of Aberdeen — the well-known art collector and critic — who happened to be on a visit to Paris; and Mr. White in turn, brought Artz into close contact with several young Scottish artists who were studying in France. Mr. (now Sir) George Reid, Mr. John Dun, Mr. Longmuir, among others, became intimates of Artz, and from them he learned to speak our language with great facility. Dun was one of his chief instructors in English. Another friend whom he made at this time, and of whom he always spoke very highly, was the accomplished decorator, designer, and art collector, Daniel Cottier, who died recently, and the sale of whose pictures has been one of the events of the 1892 art season of Paris. Artz declared that this shrewd Aberdonian, with his pawky wit and his keen artistic instincts, was, in his own line, one of the cleverest men he ever met.

The result of these pleasant communings in Paris with so many hearty souled Scotsmen was a visit of Artz to Scotland. This is how he, in a letter to a friend, sums up his impressions of our country: "Leaving London on a wet, dark night, I awoke the next morning in a splendid landscape, with a fast-running stream close to the railway, and beautiful colored hills round me, shining in a bright sun. I shall never forget the impression of that morning after the gloomy day in London, nor shall I forget the kindness with which I was received by all my friends in Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, who made me quite at home." Artz's own temperament was one that naturally called forth kindly feeling towards him in the breasts of all with whom he came in contact.

Artz saw Paris in all the flush of its splendor and outward-shining glory during the last years of the Second Empire; he endured the misery of the siege; he witnessed the horrors of the Commune, and his thoughts turned wistfully homewards to his own country of flat meadows, quiet canals, and long stretches of yellow sands. He had almost taken root in Paris during the eight years of his stay, but his first love for his "ain folk" and their douce, simple ways, so vividly in contrast with the madness and wild delirium of the experience he had lately passed through, came back to him with a persuasiveness not to be resisted. He returned to Holland in 1874, settled at the Hague, married, and spent the remainder of his days in earnest, honest work at his easel, painting



the subjects that lay nearest to his heart, "the toilers of the sea" and their homely manners.

Artz grew steadily in reputation. While in Paris he had contributed regularly to the Salon, but after his return to Holland, it was not until 1880 that he sent a picture to Paris. That year he was represented at the Salon by the well-known "Orphelinat de Katwyk," perhaps his best work. It has been exhibited more than once in this country. In the Salon it received *Mention honorable*. In every succeeding year his pictures were well hung on the Salon walls, and became widely known and highly appreciated in Britain. Of his important works I may mention "The Old People's Home in Katwyk," "Chez les Grands Parents," "Son Troussseau de Mariage," "Une Haute Journée," "Le Propos d'Amour," and "Le Départ." His smaller canvases and water-colors are many in number, all dealing with incidents in the lives of the peasants and fisher people whose story he knew by heart. During the winter he lived at the Hague; his summers were spent at Katwyk, in a little cottage on the dunes, surrounded by the village huts and overlooking from every window his old friend the sea.

The end of this peaceful, happy, hard-working life came most unexpectedly. Artz died on 5th November, 1890, after a comparatively short illness, which no one at the outset thought would be of serious moment.

The details of Artz's biography I have taken for the most part from letters I myself received from him. Sir George Reid has kindly put at my disposal several letters, written to him by Artz at various times from Paris, and these all bear witness to the guileless, gentle nature of the man. He was filled with kindness to everybody, especially to those who had shown him the least spark of good-will. He never forgot a benefit received. He was keenly sensitive to criticism, always ready to take advice from his brother artists, always anxious to know what painters thought of his work. Patient, earnest, simple-hearted, he bore himself nobly through the ordeal of the great siege. I have before me just now an interesting reminiscence of that trying time—a copy of the little *Lettre-Journal de Paris, Gazette des Absents*, the tiny newspaper that was published in Paris to be carried out by "balloon post," when the iron ring of the Prussian beleaguement had cut off all direct communication between the French capital and the outer world. The

paper was sent by Artz to Sir George Reid, and safely reached its destination, and on the fly-leaf he wrote a letter, full of hope that, now that "hideous man Napoleon" had altogether fallen, the united force of France would yet be able to rescue Paris from the cruel clutch of the Germans. A hope, as we all know, that was not realized! In another letter, written just after the siege, he declares that during the siege "to be sure he must have eaten a whole horse," but that he had not been forced to come down to cats or mice as a means of support. He had had no fuel, however, and to keep himself warm during the dreadful winter, had been compelled to walk about and spend his precious time in the streets and in cafés. When the Communist troubles came he writes that Paris looks "like a mad-house." "I don't know what is right or wrong in it, but I am afraid it is all humbug. Everybody talks and screams, and nobody will ever hear the other's reasons. *C'est triste!* I stay quietly at home, and work and wait the end of all this misery, which must be near." In these letters there shines out the fine nature of the man—patient, enduring, and self-contained. In the midst of his own troubles, he never forgets one of his friends in far-away, peaceful Scotland. He asks after them all by name, he sends to each one kind remembrances.

I cannot better end this short tribute to the memory of a good man and a true artist than by quoting his views upon art from a letter I received from him in 1889. I give the words as he wrote them; his English, be it noted, was to the point and expressive, with a pleasant flavor in it of foreign idiom. "I never had the slightest taste for historical subjects, nor to try it myself, nor for what I saw done in it by others. They never could suggest to me the feeling of truth and reality (Baron Leys perhaps excepted) which is for me the first condition of a picture. Everyday people in their everyday ways is all that could speak to my heart and eye. When visiting famous picture-galleries, overwhelmed by the power and talent of the great old masters, I always find myself at last sitting before some little old Dutch picture with a feeling of refreshment such as one has on a cool spot after a tiresome walk in splendid scenery. I always come back to the old Dutch masters, and never can find anything going beyond them except in the landscape. In the latter I think that Constable, and after him the Frenchmen Rousseau and Corot made a

great progress, and painted pictures finer than any of the old masters. I only make an exception of Hobbema." Could there be a much sounder artistic creed than this professed by Artz? His practice was in keeping with his creed. He lacked intensity, it is true, and dealt only with the simpler and more obvious phases of human nature and experience, but his style has in it a graceful and gracious individuality; his color is sweet and harmonious, and his composition almost always both unaffected and effective.

From Temple Bar.

#### WAYFARING IN THE ROUERQUE.

THAT district of southern France so celebrated in the history of the Middle Ages as the Rouergue is now shown on the map as the department of the Aveyron, but its old name has by no means passed out of use with the inhabitants. In the twelfth century Henry II. of England, Duke of Anjou and Normandy, laid claim to it by reason of his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine. It was ceded to England by treaty after the battle of Poitiers, but the nobles and the people were never reconciled to British rule, and they struggled against it intermittently and with varying success for nearly three hundred years. What with wars of succession and religious wars the Rouergue was one of the most disturbed and blood-drenched regions of France. Great political changes, however, have cut it off more than any other, lower Brittany excepted, from the movement of the modern world. It is a wild, rocky, thinly populated district, with many stern and some beautiful landscapes, but with little left save its ruined castles to confirm the stirring records of its stormy mediæval history.

I had passed the night at the village of Plaisance on the western boundary of the Rouergue, and having made up my mind to reach St. Affrique in a day's walk, I set out on my journey at an early hour in the morning. There were some thirty miles of country to cross, and I had, moreover, to reckon with the July sun, which shines very earnestly in southern France, as though it were bent on ripening all the fruits of the earth in a single day. By getting up earlier than usual I was able to watch the morning opening like a wild rose. When we feel all the charm that graces the beginning of a summer day, we resolve in future to rise with the birds,

but the next morning's sun finds most of us sluggards again.

I returned towards the tarn which I had left the day before, but with the intention of keeping somewhat to the south of it for a while. However beautiful the scenery of a gorge may be, the sensation of being at the bottom of a crevice at length becomes depressing, and the mind, which is never satisfied with anything long, begins to wonder what the world is like beyond the enclosing cliffs, and the desire to climb them and to look forth under a wider range of sky grows stronger. Such change is needed, for when there is languor within, the impressions from without are dull. The country through which I now passed was very beautiful with its multitude of chestnut-trees, the pale yellow plumes of the male blossom still clinging to them and hiding half their leaves; but here again was the sad spectacle of abandoned, weedy, and almost leafless vineyards upon stony slopes which had been changed into fruit-bearing terraces by the long labor of dead generations.

The first village I came to was Coupiac, lying in a deep hollow, from the bottom of which rose a rugged mass of schistous rock, with houses all about it under the protecting shadow of a strong castle with high, round towers in good preservation. It was a mediæval fortress, but its mulioned windows cut in the walls of the towers and other details showed that it had been considerably modified and adapted to changed conditions of life at the time of the Renaissance. A troop of little girls were going up to it, and teaching sisters, who had changed it into a stronghold of education, were waiting for them in the court. Hard by upon the edge of the castle rock was a calvary. The naked schist, ribbed and seamed, served for pavement in the steep little streets of this picturesque old village, where most of the people went barefoot. This is the custom of the region and does not necessarily imply poverty. Here the *sabotier's* trade is a poor one, and the cobbler's is still worse. In the Albigeois I was the neighbor of a well-to-do farmer who up to the age of sixty had never known the sensation of sock or stocking, nor had he ever worn a shoe of wood or leather.

No female beauty did I see here, nor elsewhere in the Rouergue. Plainness of feature in men and women is the rule throughout this extensive tract of country. But there is this to be said in favor of the girls and younger women, that they gen-

erally have well-shaped figures and a very erect carriage, which last is undoubtedly due to the habit of carrying weights upon the head, especially water, which needs to be carefully balanced.

How the peasants stared at me as I passed along! The expression of their faces showed that they were completely puzzled as to what manner of person I was, and what I was doing there. Had I been taking along a dancing-bear they would have understood my motives far better, and my social success with them would have been undoubtedly greater. As it was, most of them eyed me with extreme suspicion. Not having been rendered familiar, like the peasants of many other districts, with that harmless form of insanity which leads people to endure the hardship of tramping for the sake of observing the ruder aspects of human life, the lingering manners of old times and of reading the book of nature in solitude, they thought I must perforce be engaged upon some sinister and wicked work. And now this reminds me of an old man at Ambialet whom I used to send on errands to the nearest small town. He liked my money, but he could never satisfy his conscience that it was not something like treason to carry letters for me, for he had the feeling to the last that he was in the pay of the enemy. "Ah!" he growled one-day (not to me) "I have always heard it said that the English regretted our beautiful rocks and rich valleys. They are coming back! I am sure they are coming back!" I used to see him looking at me askance with a peculiarly keen expression in his eyes, and as his words had been repeated to me I knew of what he was thinking. He was the first man of his condition who to my knowledge called rocks beautiful. The peasant class abhor rocks on account of their sterility and because the rustic idea of a beautiful landscape is the fertile and level plain. In searching for the picturesque and the grandeur of nature, it is perfectly safe to go to those places which the peasant declares to be frightful by their ugliness.

Leaving Coupiac behind me, I turned towards the east. The road, having been cut in the side of the cliff, exposed layers of brown argillaceous schist, like rotten wood, and so friable that it crumbled between the fingers; but what was more remarkable was that the layers, scarcely thicker than slate, instead of being in their natural plane, were turned up quite vertically. I was now ascending to the barren

uplands. Near the brow of a hill I passed a very ancient crucifix of granite, the head, which must originally have been of the rudest sculpture, having the features quite obliterated by time.

A rural postman in a blouse with red collar had been trudging up the hill behind me, and I let him overtake me so that I might fall into conversation with him, for these men are generally more intelligent or better informed than the peasants. I have often walked with them and never without receiving either instruction or amusement. When we had reached the highest ground, from which a splendid view was revealed of the Rouergue country—a crumpled map of bare hills and deep dark gorges—the postman pointed out to me the village of Roquecésaire (Cæsar's Rock), on a hill to the south, and told me a queer story of a battle between its inhabitants and those of an adjacent village. The quarrel, strange to say, arose over a statue of the Virgin, which was erected not long since upon a commanding position between the two villages. "Now the Holy Virgin," said the postman, in no tone of mockery, "was obliged to turn her back either to one village or the other, and this was the cause of the fight!" When first set up, the statue looked towards Roquecésaire, to the great satisfaction of the inhabitants; but the people of the other village, who thought themselves equally pious, held that they had been slighted; and the more they looked at the back of the Virgin turned towards them, the angrier they became, and the more determined not to submit to the indignity. At length, unable to keep down their fury any longer, they sallied forth one day, men, women, and children, with the intention of turning the statue round. But the people of Roquecésaire were vigilant and, seeing the hostile crowd coming, went forth to give them battle. The combat raged furiously for hours, and it was watched—so said the postman—with much excitement and interest by the curé of Montclar—the village we were now approaching—who, happening to have a telescope, was able to note the varying fortune of war. At length the Roquecésaire people got the worst of it, and they were driven away from the statue which was promptly turned round. Although many persons were badly knocked about, nobody died for the cause. The energetic intervention of the spiritual and temporal authorities prevented a renewal of the scandal, and it was thought best, in

the interest of peace, to allow the statue to be turned half-way to one village and half to the other.

The postman was a little reserved at first, not knowing to what country I belonged, but, when he was satisfied that I was not a German, he let his tongue rattle on with the freedom which is one of the peculiarities of his class. He confided to me that the best help to a man who walked much was absinth. It pulled him up the hills and sent him whisking across the plains. "I eat very little," said my black-bearded, bright-eyed fellow-tramp; "but," he added, "I drink three or four glasses of absinth a day."

"You will eat still less," I said, "if you don't soon begin to turn off the tap."

Considering the hard monotony of their lives and the strain imposed upon physical endurance by walking from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, in all weathers, the rural postmen in France are a sober body of men. This one told me that he walked sometimes twelve miles out of his way to carry a single letter.

Thus gossiping, we reached Montclar on the plateau, a little to the south of the deep gorge of the Tarn. Here we entered an auberge, where the postman was glad to moisten his dry throat with the green-eyed enemy. This inn was formerly one of those small châteaux — more correctly termed *maisons fortes*, or manors — which sprang up all over France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The inhabited part of the building was reached by a spiral staircase enclosed by a tower. A balcony connected with the principal room enabled me to read an inscription cut in a stone of the tower: "Tristano Disclaris, 1615." But for this record left by the founder, his name would probably have passed, long ago, out of the memory of men.

I found that the chief occupation of the people in this house was that of making Roquefort cheeses; indeed, it was impossible not to guess what was going on from the all-pervading odor. And yet I was still many miles from Roquefort! However, I knew all about this matter before. I was not twenty miles from Albi when I found that Roquefort cheesemaking was a local industry. In fact, this is the case over a very wide region. The cheeses having been made are sent to Roquefort to ripen in the cellars, which have been excavated in the rock, and also to acquire the necessary reputation. While my lunch was being prepared I looked into the dairy, which was very

clean and creditable. On the ground were large tubs of milk, and on tables were spread many earthenware moulds pierced with little holes and containing the pressed curds.

The hostess was a buxom, good-tempered woman with rosy cheeks. She told me that she could not give me anything better than ham and eggs. She could not have offered me anything more acceptable after all the greasy cooking, the steadfast veal and invariable fowl which I had so long been compelled to accept daily with resignation. By a mysterious revelation of art she produced the ham and eggs in a way that made me think that she must surely be descended from one of the English adventurers who did all manner of mischief in the Rouergue, some five or six centuries ago. Such ham and eggs in her case could only be explained by the theory of hereditary ideas. Nevertheless she had become French enough to look at me with a dubious, albeit a good-natured eye. My motive in coming there and going farther without having any commercial object in view was more than she could fathom. After my visit to the dairy I fancy her private notion was that I was commissioned by the English government to find out how Roquefort cheese was made, with a view to competition. At length as we talked freely she let the state of her mind, with regard to me, escape her unawares by putting this question plump: —

"How is it the gendarmes have not stopped you?"

"That I cannot tell you," said I, much amused by her candor; "but you may be sure of this, I am not afraid of them."

Her husband was listening behind the door, and I observed an expression of relief in his face when I took up my pack and departed. If I was to be pounced upon, he preferred, for his own peace of mind and the reputation of his house, that it should be done elsewhere. All the village had heard of my coming, and when I reappeared outside there was a small crowd of people waiting to have a good look at me. I thought from these signs that I was likely to be asked to show my papers again by some petty functionary; but no, I was allowed to pass on without interference. Perhaps the postman had given a good account of me, the absinth having touched his heart. There is much diplomacy in getting somebody on your side while travelling alone through these unopened districts far from railways. Wandering among the peasants of the Tarn and the Aveyron teaches one what

ignorance really means, what blindness of intellect goes with it. And yet their enlightenment by the usual methods would be a doubtful blessing to themselves and others.

I was now descending to the valley, and not long after leaving the village an attempt to escape from the winding hot road led me into one of those wildernesses, which are to me infinitely more pleasing than the most artistic gardens, with their geometric flower-beds and their counterfeited lakes and grottoes. The surface of the land was thrown or washed up into dark brown hillocks of broken argillaceous schist, which repelled vegetation, but the hollows were wooded with mountain oak and many shrubs. Farther down there were other hillocks, equally bare, but formed of the blue-looking lias marl which the husbandman detests with good reason, for its sterility is incorrigible. This *terre bleue*, as the peasants call it, was not the only sign of a change in the formation; fragments of calcareous stone were mixed with the brown soil. I was leaving the dark schist and was approaching those immense accumulations of jurassic rock, whose singular forms and brilliant colors lend such extraordinary grandeur to the scenery of the Upper Tarn. There was also a change in the vegetation. A huge species of broom four or five feet high, covered with golden blossom the size of pea-flowers, although the common broom had long past its blooming, now showed itself as well as roseroot sedum, neither of which had I seen while coming over the schist. The cicadas returned and screamed from every tree. I captured one and examined the musical instrument—a truly marvellous bit of mechanism—that it carried in each of its sides. It is not legs which make the noise, as is the case with crickets and grasshoppers, but little hard membranes under the wings are scraped together at the creature's will. The sound is not musical, for when it is not a continuous scissor-grinding noise, it is like the cry of a corncrake with a weak throat; but what delight there is in it! and how it expresses that joy in the present and recklessness of the morrow, which the fabulist has in vain contrasted with the virtuous industry of the ant in order to point a moral for mankind!—vainly, because the *cigale's* short life in the sunlit trees will ever seem to men a more ideal one than that of the earth-burrowing ant, with its possible longevity, its peevish parsimony, and restless anxiety for the future. I could have laid down under a

tree like a gipsy in this wild spot, and let the summer dreams come to me from their airy castles amongst the leaves, if I had not made up my mind to reach St. Affrique before night. There was another reason which, although it clashes with poetry, had better be told for the sake of truth. Insects would soon have taken all pleasure from the siesta. Great black ants and great red ones, little ants too, that could have walked with comfort through the eye of a fine needle notwithstanding their wickedness, and intermediate species of the same much-praised family would have scampered over me and stung me, and flies of bad propensities would have settled upon me. An enthusiastic entomologist has only to lie down in the open air in this part of France at the end of July or in August, and he will soon be able to observe, perhaps feel, sufficient insects travelling on their legs or on the wing to satisfy a great deal of curiosity. Often the air is all a flutter with butterflies, many of them remarkable for their size or the beauty of their coloring. One I have particularly noticed; not large, but colored with exquisite gradations of bright yellow, orange, and pale green.

I believe I added to my day's journey by my excursion across country, but the time would have passed less pleasantly on the road. The winding yellow line however appeared again, and I had to tramp upon it. And a hot, toilsome trudge it was, through that long, narrow valley with scrubby woods reaching down to the road, but with no habitations and no water. It was the desert. The afternoon was far advanced when the country opened and I saw a village of coquettish appearance, for most of the houses had been washed with red, and many of the window shutters were painted green.

I was parched with thirst, for the sun had been broiling me for hours; therefore, when I saw this village on the hillside, I hurried towards it with the impatience of a traveller who sees the palm-trees over a well in the sands of Africa. In a place that could give so much attention to color there must surely be an auberge, I thought. And I judged rightly, for there were two little inns. I found the door of the first one closed, and learnt that the people were out harvesting. I walked on to the next, and found that likewise closed, and was again informed that all the family were out in the fields. The whole village was nearly deserted; amongst every one was busy reaping and putting up the sheaves. I stopped beside the village



pump and reflected upon my misery. I had resigned myself to water, when a woman carrying a sickle opened the door of one of the inns. Some friendly bird must have told her of my thirst and weariness — perhaps the merry little quail that I heard as I came up from the plain crying "To-whit! To-whit!" That blessed auberge actually contained bottled beer. And the room was so cool that butter would not have melted in it. These southern houses have such thick stone walls that they have the double advantage of being warm in winter and delightfully cool in summer. I had some difficulty in resisting the temptation to stop the night at this inn, but I did resist it, and was again on the road to St. Affrique before the heat of the day had passed.

Another toilsome trudge, during which I met an English threshing machine being dragged along by bullocks, and the familiar words upon it made me feel for a while quite at home. The apparition, however, gave me a shock, for the antique flail is still the instrument commonly used for threshing, in the southern provinces of France.

At a village called Moulin, lying in a rich and beautiful valley, I met the Sorgues, one of the larger tributaries of the Tarn, and for the rest of my journey I had the companionship of a charming stream. Evening came on, and the fiery blue above me grew soft and rosy. Rosy, too, were the cornfields, where bands of men and women, fifteen or twenty together, were reaping gaily, for the heat of the day was gone, the freshness of the twilight had come, and the fragrance of the valley was unloosened. I had left the last group of reapers behind, and the silence of the dusk was broken only by the tree crickets, and the rapids of the little river, when a woman passed me on the road and murmured "Adicias!" (God be with you), "Adicias!" I replied, and then I was again alone. Presently there was a jangling of bells behind, and I was soon overtaken by three horses and a crowded diligence. The sound of the bells grew fainter, and fainter, and once more I was alone with the summer night. The stars began to shine, and the river was lost in the mystery of shadow, save where a sunken rock made the water gleam white, and awoke the peace with a cry of trouble.

It was late when I reached St. Affrique, and I believe no tramp arrived at his bourne that night more weary than I, for I had been walking most of the day in the

burning sun. But although I lay down like a jaded horse, I was too feverish to sleep. To make matters worse, there was a cock in the yard just underneath my window, and the fiendish creature considered it his duty to crow every two or three minutes after the stroke of midnight. How well did I then enter into the feelings of a man I knew who, under similar provocation, got up from his bed, and taking a carving knife from the kitchen, quietly and deftly cut off the cock's head before the astonished bird had time to protest. Having stopped the crowing and assured himself that it would not begin again, he went back to bed and slept the sleep of the innocent.

I was out early the next morning, looking at the extraordinary astronomical dials of the parish church, covering much of the surface of the outer walls. All the straight lines, curves and figures, and the inscriptions in Latin, must have the effect of convincing the majority of the inhabitants that their ignorance is hopeless. Such a display of science must be like wizard symbolism to the common people. The dials are exceedingly curious, and there are some really astonishing calculations, as, for instance, a table showing the "number of souls that have appeared before the Tribunal of God." Near a great sundial are these solemn words: "*Sol et luna faciunt quæ precepta sunt eis; nos autem pergrinamur a Domino.*" The church itself is one of the most fantastically ugly structures imaginable. All possible tricks of style and taste appear to have been played upon it. It is a jumble of heavy Gothic and Italian, and the apse is twisted out of line with the nave, in which respect, however, it is like the Cathedral of Quimper. As I left the church a funeral procession approached, women carrying palls by the four corners a little in front of the coffin, according to the custom of the country when the dead person is of their own sex. When a man dies, members of his sex carry the palls.

St. Affrique is a small town of about seven thousand inhabitants, lying in a warm valley and surrounded by high hills, the sides of which were once covered with luxuriant vineyards. These slopes, arid, barren, and sun-scorched, are perfectly suited to the cultivation of the vine, the fig, and the almond; but the elevation is still too great for the olive. As I toiled up the side of the valley in the direction of Millau, I noticed the *Rocher de Caylus*, a large reddish and somewhat fantastically shaped block of oolitic rock, perched on

the hill above the vineyards. Here the lower formation was schistous, the upper calcareous. The sun was intensely hot, but there was the shade of walnut-trees, which I took advantage of, although it is said to be poisonous, like that of the oleander.

When I reached the plateau there was no shade whatever, baneful or beneficent. If there was ever any forest here all vestige of it has disappeared. I was on the border of the Causse de Larzac, one of the highest, most extensive and savagely barren of the calcareous deserts which separate the rivers in this part of France. Not a drop of water save what may have been collected in tanks for the use of sheep, and the few human beings who eke out an existence there, is to be found upon them. Swept by freezing winds in winter and burnt by a torrid sun in summer, their climate is as harsh as the soil is ungenerous.

But although I was sun-broiled upon this *causse*, I was interested at every step by the flowers that I found there. Dry, chaffy, or prickly plants, corresponding in their nature to the aridity and asperity of the land, were peculiarly at home upon the undulating stoniness. The most beautiful flower then blooming was that of the catananche, which has won its poetic French name, *cupidon bleu*, by the brilliant color of its blossom. Multitudes of yellow everlastings also decked the solitude.

On reaching the highest ground the crests of the bare Cevennes were seen against the cloudless sky to the south. A little to the east, beyond the valley of the Cernon, which I intended to cross, were high hills or cliffs, treeless and sterile, with hard-cut angular sides, terminating upwards in vertical walls of naked stone. These were the buttresses of the Causse de Larzac. The lower sides of some of the hills were blue with *lias marl*, and wherever they were steep not a blade of grass grew.

Having descended to the valley, I was soon climbing towards Roquefort by the flanks of those melancholy hills which seemed to express the hopelessness of nature after ages of effort to overcome some evil power. And yet the tinkling of innumerable sheep-bells told that even here men had found a way of earning their bread. I saw the flocks moving high above me where all was wastefulness and rockiness, and heard the voices of the shepherds. There were the Roquefort sheep whose milk, converted into cheese

of the first quality, is sent into distant countries whose people little imagine that its constituents are drawn from a desert where there is little else but stones.

I came in view of the village, clinging as it seemed to the steep at the base of a huge bastion of stark jurassic rock. Facing it was another barren hill, and in the valley beneath were mamelons of dark clay and stones partly conquered by the great broom and burning with its flame of gold. When I reached the village I felt that I had earned a rest.

Cheese, which has been the fortune of Roquefort, has destroyed its picturesqueness. It has brought speculators there who have raised great, ugly, square buildings of dazzling whiteness in harsh contrast with the character and sombre tone of the old houses. Although the place is so small that it consists of only one street and a few alleys, the more ancient dwellings are remarkable for their height. It is surprising to see in a village lost among the sterile hills houses three stories high. The fact that there is only a ledge on which to build must be the explanation. What is most curious in the place is the cellars. Before the cheese became an important article of commerce these were natural caverns, such as are everywhere to be found in this calcareous formation; but now they are really cellars that have been excavated to such a depth in the rock that they are to be seen in as many as five stages, where long rows of cheeses are stacked one over the other. The virtue of these cellars from the cheese-making point of view is their dryness and their scarcely varying temperature of about 8° centigrade summer and winter. But the demand for Roquefort cheese has become so great that trickery now plays a part in the ripening process. The peasants have learnt that "time is money," and they have found that bread-crumbs mixed with the curd cause those green streaks of mouldiness, which denote that the cheese is fit for the market, to appear much more readily than was formerly the case when it was left to do the best it could for itself with the aid of a subterranean atmosphere. This is not exactly cheating; it is commercial enterprise, the result of competition and other circumstances too strong for poor human nature. In cheese-making, bread-crumbs are found to be a cheap substitute for time, and it is said that those who have taken to beer-brewing in this region have found that box, which here is the commonest of shrubs, is a cheap substitute for hops. The notion

that brass pins are stuck into Roquefort cheese to make it turn green is founded on fiction.

Having remained at Roquefort long enough to see all that was needful, to lunch, and to be overcharged—commercial enterprise is very infectious—I turned my back upon it and scrambled down a stony path to the bottom of the valley where the Cernon—now a mere thread of a stream—curled and sparkled in the middle of its wide channel, the yellow flowers and pale green leaves of the horned poppy basking upon the rocky banks. Following it down to the Tarn I came to the village of St. Rome de Cernon, where the houses of dark grey stone, built on a hillside, are overtopped by the round tower of a small mediæval fortress which has been patched up and put to some modern use. I thought the people very ill-favored by nature here, but perhaps they are not more so than others in the district. The harshness of nature is strongly reflected in all faces. Having passed a man on the bank of the stream washing his linen—presumably his own—with bare arms, sinewy and hairy like a gorilla's, I was again in the open country; but instead of following donkey-paths and sheep-tracks I was upon the dusty highroad. Well, even a *route nationale*, however hot and dusty, so that it be not too straight, has its advantages, which are felt after you have been walking an uncertain number of miles over a very rough country, trusting to luck to lead you where you wished to go. The feeling that you may at length step out freely and not worry yourself with a map and compass is a kind of pleasure which, like all others, is only so by the force of contrast and the charm of variety. I knew that I could now tramp along this road without troubling myself about anything, and that I should reach Millau sooner or later. It was really very hot; ideal sunstroke weather, verging on 90° in the shade; but I had become hardened to it, and was as dry as a smoked herring. For miles I saw no human being and heard no sound of life except the shrilling of grasshoppers and the more strident song of the cicades in the trees. By and by houses showed themselves, and I came to the village of St. Georges beside the bright little Cernon, but surrounded by wasteful, desolate hills, one of which, shaped like a cone, reared its yellow, rocky summit far towards the blue solitude of the dazzling sky. I passed by little gardens where great hollyhocks flamed in the afternoon

sunshine, then I met the Tarn again and reached Millau, a weary and dusty wayfarer.

I stopped in Millau (sometimes spelt Milhau) more than a day in order to rest and to ramble—moderately. Although the town, with its sixteen thousand inhabitants, is the most populous in the department of the Aveyron, it is so remote from all large centres and currents of human movement that very little French is spoken there. And this French is about on a par with the English of the Sheffield grinders. In the better-class families an effort now is made to keep *patois* out of doors for the sake of the children; but there is scarcely a middle-aged native to whom it is not the mother tongue. The common dialect is not quite the same throughout Guienne and Languedoc; but the local variations are much less marked than one would expect, considering that the *langue d'oc* has been virtually abandoned as a literary vehicle for centuries. Curiously enough, the word *oc* (yes), which was once the most convenient sound to distinguish the dialect from that of the northern half of France, has fallen completely into disuse; so much so, that all the Languedocians whom I questioned on the subject did not know what it meant, until at length an educated one told me that the form was very old and had long died out. All these people can understand Spanish when spoken slowly. Many can catch your meaning when you speak to them in French, but reply in *patois*. I had grown accustomed, although not reconciled, to this manner of conversing with peasants, but I was surprised to find on entering a shop at Millau that neither the man nor his wife there could reply to me in French.

This town lies in the bottom of a basin; some of the high hills, especially those on the east, showing savage escarpments with towering masses of yellow or reddish rock at the summits. The climate of the valley is delightful in winter, but sultry and enervating in summer. It is so protected from the winds that the mulberry flourishes there; and countless almond-trees rise above the vines on the burning hillsides.

Millau presents a good deal of interest to the archæologist. Very noteworthy is the ancient market-place, where the first and upper stories project far over the paving and are supported by a colonnade. Some of the columns, with elaborately carved Romanesque capitals, date from the twelfth century, and look ready to fall

into fragments. At one end of the square is an immense modern crucifix—a sure sign that the civic authorities do not yet share the views of the municipal councillors of Paris in regard to religious emblems. Protestants, however, are numerous at Millau as well as at St. Affrique, both towns having been important centres of Calvinism at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and after the forced emigration many of the inhabitants must have strongly sympathized with their persecuted neighbors, the Camisards. Nevertheless the department of the Aveyron, taken in its entirety, is now one of the most fervently Catholic in France.

The church is Romanesque with a marked Byzantine tendency. It has an elegant apse decorated in good taste; but the edifice having received various patchings and decorations at the time of the Renaissance, the uniformity of style has been spoilt. The most striking architectural feature of the town is a high Gothic belfry of octagonal form with a massive square tower for its base.

In the Middle Ages the government of this town was vested in six consuls who received twenty gold florins a year as salary, and also a new robe of red and black cloth with a hood. In 1341 they furnished forty men-of-arms for the war against the English, but the place was given up to Chandos in 1362. The rising of 1369 delivered the burghers again from the British power, but for twenty-two years they were continually fighting with the English companies.

The evening before I left Millau I strolled into the little square where the great crucifix stands. I found it densely crowded. Three or four hundred men were there, each wearing a blouse and carrying a sickle with a bit of osier laid upon the sharp edge of the blade along its whole length, and firmly tied. All these harvesters were waiting to be hired for the following week. They belonged to a class much less numerous in France than in England—the agricultural laborers who have no direct interest in the soil that they help to cultivate, and the crops that they help to gather in. I have often met them on the dusty roads, frequently walking with bare feet, carrying the implements of their husbandry and a little bundle of clothes. It must be very hard to ask for work from farm to farm. I can enter fully into the attachment of the French peasant to his bit of land which, although it may yield him little more than his black bread, cannot be taken from him so long as he

can manage to live by the sweat of his brow. Many of these peasant proprietors can barely keep body and soul together; but when they lie down upon their wretched beds at night, they feel thankful that the roof that covers them, and the soil that supports them, are their own. The wind may howl about the eaves, and the snow may drift against the wall, but they know that the one will calm down, and that the other will melt, and that life will go on as before—hard, back-breaking, grudging even the dark bread, but secure and independent. Waiting to be hired by another man almost like a beast of burden—what a trial is here for pride! Happily for the human race, pride, although it springs naturally in the breast of man, only becomes luxuriant with cultivation. The poor laborer does not feel it unless his instinctive sense of justice has been outraged.

EDWARD HARRISON BARKER.

From The Spectator.

#### "DEATH WEEK" IN RURAL RUSSIA.

"DEATH WEEK," the "Smartna Nedelya" of the Slavonic peoples, marks the end of winter in rural Russia. It is kept during the last seven days of March, and is a survival pure and simple of early paganism. In the old Slavonic mythology, as in the minds of the mass of untaught Russians nowadays, the idea of Death and Winter is closely associated; and the ceremonies proper to the "Death Week," from the sacrifice to the "Vodyanoi," or Water-Spirit, with which it begins, to the driving-out and drowning of Death, with which it terminates, are based upon the superstition that was formerly universal in northern Europe. That writers on Russia and the Russians have given no account of the "Death-Week" celebration, is due, no doubt, to the fact that it takes place at a time of year when travellers are rarely tempted to visit Russia, and is confined to rural districts out of the beaten track, which are unlikely to attract foreigners.

When the ice begins to break on the water, winter is considered over in Russia; and the breaking of the ice is due—the Russian peasants hold—to the "Vodyanoi," or Water-Spirit, who has his abode in the rivers and streams. He has slept over the winter, they say, and awakes hungry and angry, with the first rays of the returning sun. He bursts the congealed

covering of the water, sends the ice-floes drifting, drives the fish from their haunts, and causes the streams to overflow. In the last week of March, therefore, before the ice begins to break, the peasants in rural Russia start the "Death-Week" celebration by preparing a sacrifice for the "Vodyanoi," so that he shall not be kept waiting when he awakes from his winter sleep. They meet together in the village where the celebration is to take place, and subscribe a sum of money for the purchase of a young horse. The animal must not be a gift, but bought for money; it must not be bargained for, and no one person must contribute more than another to the amount required. The horse is taken to a stable specially reserved for the gift to the "Vodyanoi," and fed for three days on bread and oil-cake. On the fourth day, at midnight, the horse is taken from the stall, and conducted to the nearest river or stream, the villagers following in a body. The mane is decorated with red ribbons, the head smeared with honey, the legs are tied together, and a couple of mill-stones secured to the neck. Then a hole is made in the ice, and the horse thrown into the water, a living sacrifice to the "Vodyanoi." Fisher-folk in the Archangel district pour a quantity of fat into the water instead of throwing in a horse; and the millers of the Ukraine cast the horse's head into the river, and not the living animal. After appeasing the Water-Spirit, the House-Spirit, the "Domovoi," calls for a sacrifice. He awakes on the night of March 25th, and will only wait three days for his offering. So on returning from the riverside, the villagers prepare a suitable gift for him. They take a fat black pig, kill it, and cut it into as many pieces as there are residents in the place. Each resident receives one piece, which he straightway buries under the doorstep at the entrance to his house. In some parts, it is said, the country folk bury a few eggs beneath the threshold of the dwelling to propitiate the "Domovoi."

On the following day, the ceremony known as the "Lyalya" takes place. The "Lyalya" is not the Goddess of Spring, but a personification of the season. The ceremony of the day is known as the "Lyalynik," and only young unmarried girls take part in it. They all meet in a field outside the village, and select one who is to be the "Lyalya." She is attired in a white robe, with a crown of green stuff on her head, and a staff, decorated with green leaves, in her hands. Barefooted the girls then perambulate the vil-

lage, headed by the "Lyalya," stopping at certain dwellings settled upon beforehand. At the first of the houses where a halt is made, a cake prepared over night is handed to the party. At the next, they receive a basket containing as many eggs as there are girls in the procession, and one over. At the third house they get a measure of mixed grain. Preceded still by the "Lyalya," they leave the village, stopping, however, at the last house, where an egg is taken from the basketful and thrown clear over the roof. The party now make the round of the fields belonging to the village, each one dipping her hand into the grain-measure, and strewing a few of the seeds over the ground. This is supposed to ensure fertility in the coming year. When all the fields have been traversed, the procession returns to the spot whence a start was made; the cake and eggs are divided, and each girl returns to her home. The egg and cake must not be eaten, but are preserved as charms against all sorts of misfortune. The young women who have taken part in the procession can, if they are curious that way, ascertain on the night of the "Lyalya" whether they are likely to marry in the course of the next twelve months, and if so, in which month. They must procure an onion, and take off twelve layers, and put them in a row between the piece of the "Lyalya" cake and the egg. Each layer of onion represents a month, and if one of them be quite dry by the morning, it is a sign of marriage, and the order in which the piece stands shows the month in which the marriage will take place.

All is now ready for the ceremony of driving out Death, from which the week derives its designation. Early in the morning the residents of the village, men, women, and children, meet in the marketplace. Some bring packages of rags and old clothes, others bundles of straw, long sticks, and cross-pieces. Out of these, three or four expert hands, accustomed to the work, manufacture a dummy figure resembling an old woman. The face is painted and made as hideous as possible. This is the figure of Death — Death, according to Slavonic mythology, being a woman. The dummy is perched aloft upon a long pole, which is given to a sturdy peasant, who is dressed out in what is left of the rags and tatters used in the construction of the figure. The men then arm themselves with whips and whistles, the women and children bring pots and pans and iron kettles — any utensils, in



fact, they can bang upon and make a clatter with—and the procession starts, the peasant carrying the image of Death in front. Off he starts at a smart run, the villagers after him, cracking their whips, blowing their whistles, banging on the pots and pans. On the party go, shouting and hooting, driving Death in front, to the nearest river or stream. Here a halt is made, a circle is formed by the river-side, and the dummy is thrown headlong into the water. The party then return in orderly procession, calling out as they march along: "We have driven out Death, and bring in the New Year." In many parts of Russia, the villagers content themselves with giving the figure of Death a good ducking, and then throwing it upon the nearest piece of vacant ground. In such cases, too, if the villagers happen to have a grievance against any neighboring hamlet, they carry the figure to the boundaries of the latter, and leave it upon their neighbors' land. This is certain to lead to a series of free fights between the two villages. It is an insult to throw the figure of Death on other people's land, and is considered to bring misfortune with it besides. The dummy is carried back by those who find it within their boundaries, while the village folk who left it there gather to oppose its return. The fighting in such cases is prolonged, and is not unfrequently attended with fatal results. The more peaceable villagers are content to leave the dummy in the water where it is thrown.

On returning to the village sundry additions are made to the instruments with which the people are provided. The bells are taken from the necks of the cows, as well as the horns used for calling cattle together. One or two procure drums to beat. Then, men, women, and children begin to run round the village as fast as they can, making as much noise as possible. The object of this performance is to drive out the evil spirits Death is supposed to have left behind. The quicker the people go, and the more noise they make, the more effectually is the place cleared of the imps supposed to follow in the train of Death, and the greater will be the blessings of the coming season. The villagers, therefore, rush along pell-mell, as for a wager, the men hooting, the women screaming at the top of their voices, the children joining in with a piping treble, horns blowing, drums beating, and bells ringing, the pots and pans making an un-

earthly clatter. On they go, dashing up one street and down another, past pillar and post, always quicker and quicker, while children stumble and elderly people fall into the rear, until, exhausted and out of breath, the noisy multitude return to the point whence the start was made.

It is generally evening by the time Death has been drowned, and the place cleared of evil spirits. The villagers take a rest, and then prepare to camp-out for the night; among the southern Slavs, no one ever dreams of going to sleep on the evening of the festival. It is an old Slavonic belief that on this night the gates of heaven are opened, and if any one asks for a special gift at the actual moment of opening, it will certainly be granted. At that particular instant, too, all trees are said to bear golden fruits, and whoever is lucky enough to grasp them just then, may retain them for his own. The Russian peasant, therefore, stays out in the field all night, in order to watch for the opening of the sky. That he does not make much of the opportunity, is perhaps due to the fact that he often takes advantage of the camping-out festivity to get so drunk on vodka, that were the heavens really to rain gifts during the night, he would be in no condition to profit by the bounty of the skies. As soon as the first signs of sunrise are observed in the east by the women who keep watch, the villagers are roused, and are speedily afoot. In a body they proceed to the nearest hill facing east, where the earliest rays of the spring sun fall, there to welcome "Vesna," the goddess of returning summer. The two elders of the village take with them a clean white cloth and some bread and salt. Arrived at the summit of the hill, the cloth is spread upon the ground, and fastened down by pegs to prevent it blowing away. The bread and salt are placed upon it, and the men call out loudly: "Mother Vesna! see here!" desiring the goddess to accept their welcome. And with this invocation the special ceremonies of the "Death Week" terminate.

In western Russia, the "Smartna Nedelya" is not much observed. But in the rural districts of central and southern Russia, this week, with its pagan ceremonies, is celebrated as regularly, and with much the same simple belief on the part of the country-folk, as among their heathen ancestors on the banks of the Ural and the Irtysh.